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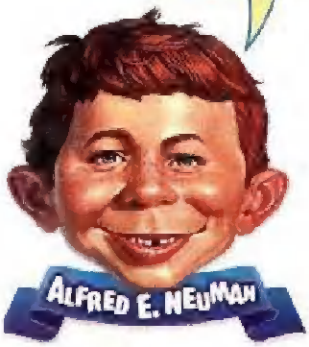
Family reunions are when relatives gather from all over to be reminded why they scattered in the first place!
ALFRED E. NEUMAN

MAD

FEBRUARY 2004 NUMBER 438

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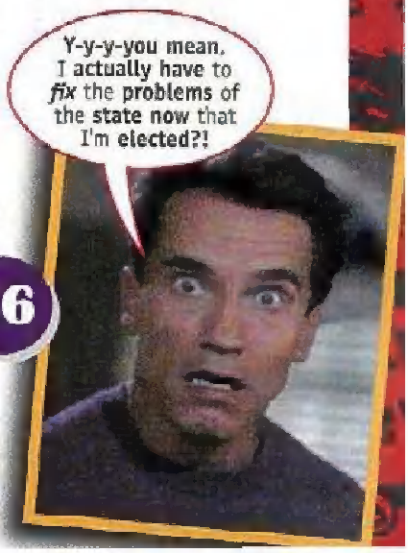

FRONT COVER ARTISTS:
"MICHAEL JACKSON" COVER: DREW FRIEDMAN
"SUPERHEROES" COVER: BRUCE TIMM

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YOU'VE GOT JAIL

With a name like "Mike Gidwitz" (who wrote on the Letters Page #435), ol' Mikey would be real popular with the guys from cell block 310. My buddies Mongo, Sticky, Flaco, Dead Eye, D, Moose and Steve all would like to have an, uh, intellectual discussion as to whether Mike earns the handle "Schmuck," "Schmo" or "Dweeb," though I am leaning towards "Schlump." For your info Mikey, we do subscribe to MAD because we need to color the nuances of our life with more than ennui and schadenfreude.

Lou Gary, Avenal State Prison
Avenal, CA

Louski — First off, why doesn't Steve get a cool nickname? As always, we are happy to give a voice to our wrongly-incarcerated fans. By the way Mike, Lou and his buddies asked for your home address. We didn't see any harm in giving it to them, since they probably just want to send you a MAD gift subscription. Thanks for writing and see you at the parole hearing! —Ed.

A PAIN IN THE CLASS

I am a 25-year-old "non-traditional" junior at the University of Wisconsin at Eau Claire. At the beginning of the semester, the campus bookstore had issues of MAD on the magazine rack, but no longer (now I have to buy MAD at the local Wal Mart). However, being on a campus of "tools," I might have been the only person cool enough to read MAD — hence all the snobbish looks I received from people. I would like to thank you for the laughs I have had from your magazine, I was in tears I was laughing so hard. Thank you for allowing me to have some fun this semester.

Wesley Dyson, Eau Claire, WI

Dys-man — Couple of questions for you: What exactly does "non-traditional junior" mean? Is that the same as "too old to hit on freshman girls"? And another thing, what kind of fun were you expecting to find in Eau Claire, Wisconsin? Everybody knows that Pewaukee is the hotbed of sin and excitement in the Badger State! On the upside, if you're a junior already, that means you probably only have three or four years to go till graduation! Anyway, thanks for writing and go Blugolds! —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

To the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* — I'm asking you to print the photo that bombed me out of my Intro to Photography class. Free stuff is also appreciated and is usually sold to afford non-ramen foods. Please send non-explosive, non-perishable, non-ramen items that I could sell to idiots.

W.T. Deskin, Houston, TX

W.T. Deskin's photograph

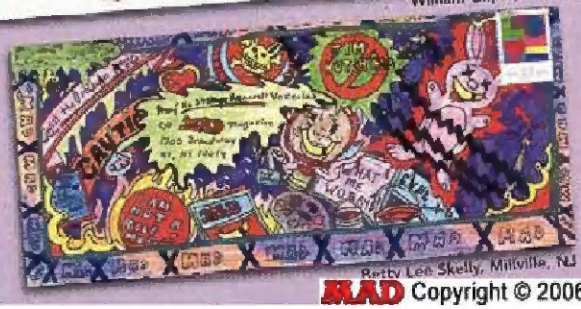
Desky — We salute your effort to hit up the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* for handouts, and while we can't give you free stuff, we *can* print your photograph and hope that it leads to a lucrative career in photojournalism. However, judging by your "portfolio," we're betting that a majority of your income is going to come via blood donations! On the plus side, you'll earn money and get all the sugar cookies you can eat! From there, you can work your way up to selling more profitable fluids! Thanks for writing the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*! —Ed.

STAMP OF APPROVAL

In MAD #435 we asked readers to "end the heinous Jim Hutchings' despotic stranglehold" on the Envelope of the Month feature. We were overwhelmed by the reader response! Below are a few examples of what we received. After looking closely at the submissions, we discovered that we may have been a little hasty in our dismissal of Jim's dominance over the Letters Page. No hard feelings, Jim! Please consider the embargo lifted. We want more envelopes from you and our other faithful readers!

William Gilpin, Tulsa, OK

Andrew Isaac-Zrobok, Winnipeg, Canada



Betty Lee Skelly, Millville, NJ

Kendra Ehrgood, Stevenson, WA

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THE BIG PUMPKIN

We asked MAD readers to run right out and buy MAD XL #24 and then send pictures of the Jack O-Lanterns they created using the stencil of Monroe in that issue. We now proudly print a collection of these MAD-inspired gourds! Thanks to everyone that sent in photos — you can put down the knives now!

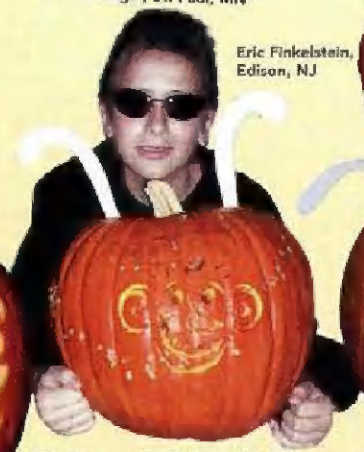
Melissa Fogel, St. Paul, MN

Becky Farina, Galt, CA

Max Kratzke, St. Paul, MN▶

Kristina Larson, Hesperia, CA

Gen Goodwin, Solon, OH▶



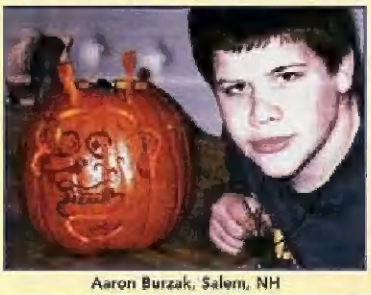
Eric Finkelstein, Edison, NJ

K.C. Mangen, Pacific Palisades, CA

N. Kolbasowski, Milltown, NJ

Barry Fries, British Columbia, Canada

Will Barron, Branford, CT



Aaron Burzak, Salem, NH

READ, WHITE AND BLUE

My name is Staff Sergeant John Reeder. I am currently stationed in Iraq in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom. I am in charge of morale and welfare for 600-plus soldiers assigned to 1st and 5th Field Artillery. I am trying to start a lending library, but due to our current situation, we have been unable to acquire a sufficient amount of books to get this project started. We have a plan in place to turn over any materials that are donated to the next unit that will replace us. The library will eventually be turned over to the Iraqi people. Any support that you can provide us with will be greatly appreciated.

SSG John Reeder, US Army

Easy Reeder — You're trying to build up a library of MADs? We sent you a bunch of issues, but doesn't that work against our government's stated mission of *rebuilding* Iraq? —Ed.

QUIT AND RUN

Writing letters is very boring, so I decided to un-become the "MAD fan that writes every month." Make someone else do it.

Jake Savage, Baltimore, MD

Jake The Snake — You can't quit *now* — especially since we've just been made aware that you've been writing to us every month! If you want to succeed, you have to have a little stick-to-it-iveness. Just look at Jessica Lynch, Lance Armstrong and the recently-vindicated Jim Hutchings. But this is also a democracy, so we are putting it to our readers to decide whether young Jakey will be allowed to just give up or if he will be forced to keep writing one letter a month until he grows too old and feeble to do so. Send your comments and votes to Amy "The Big Quitter" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019!

MAD READER OF THE ISSUE

This month's Reader of the Issue is SMSGT Harold Lloyd Clay (USAF, Ret.) of Wilburton, OK, who sent in this picture of himself reading a copy of MAD from 1958. We were so moved by his stirring patriotic reminiscences, that we felt duty bound to retroactively award him the title of MAD Reader of the Issue for December, 1958. Enjoy these long-overdue kudos and God Bless America! —Ed.

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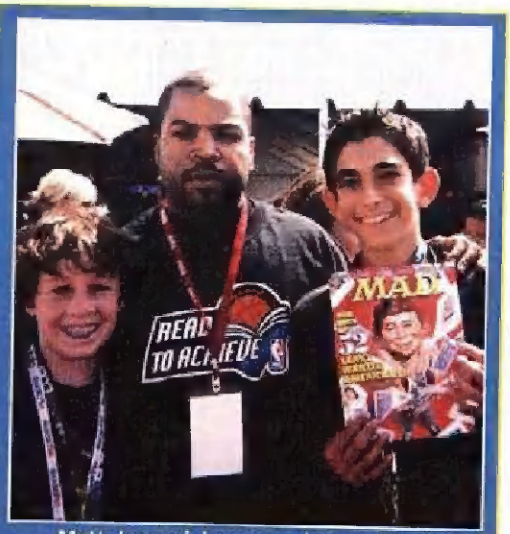
MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Here is a picture of me and my friend, Matt Kramer, with my boy, rapper and actor Ice Cube. This was taken at the Shaqtacular charity event in Santa Monica, CA. Incidentally, this photo was taken by *CSI* star Marg Helgenberger. Marg is my friend's mom, so she invited me and Matt to come.

Jeremy Tramer, Santa Monica, CA

Tramewreck — What's that you say? CBS superstar Marg Helgenberger was scant feet from this photo op and couldn't come from behind the camera to appear in the pages of MAD? Why, that's the least Shaqtacular thing we've ever heard! Ice Cube on the other hand, being a consummate gentleman, displayed some truly Shaqtacular behavior posing with MAD so his boy Jeremy Tramer could get a one-year subscription. Bango, Cube, bango! —Ed.



Matt, Ice and Jeremy — but no Marg!

FILM IN THE BLANKS

Recently, I took the SpongeBob copy of MAD (issue #429) to a San Diego, CA bookstore where Ms. Heidi Fleiss was signing copies of her latest book, *Pandering*. After she spoke I waited in line, gave my camera to her bodyguard and broke out the copy of MAD. To my dismay, when I picked up the film at the drugstore where I bought the camera, the two shots of my smiling face next to Heidi and SpongeBob were negative. I discovered the flash was off. Do I get a free subscription for trying? And how about one for Ms. Fleiss? She's obviously a numero uno celebrity!

Paul Frank Bauer, Corpus Christi, TX

Bau-wow — Unfortunately, without photographic proof we are unable to award you a free MAD subscription. However, if Ms. Fleiss were to contact us requesting a free subscription, we are certain we could work *something* out. Oh my! —Ed.

ALFRED E. NEUMAN LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST

The entertainment industry is filled with personalities so charismatic, so captivating, so dynamic that they are known worldwide by only one name. Eminem. Madonna. Gallagher. We proudly add another entry to this pantheon of single-named superstars: The Alfred E. Neuman Look-A-Like known only as Ori. Thanks to Dafna Gafny of Holon, Israel for bringing this incendiary new talent to our attention. Mazel Tov! — and next time, include the last name, clod!

MAD MUMBLINGS@ MADMAG.COM

I just realized something. Death is God's hit man — facechild...I always found MAD to be a very good source of calcium — KingAlfred...What do you do if coffee cups chase you? — madmag90023...Does garbage have feelings? — prisoner 022541...Do dogs talk to bananas or is it just me? — superstarlet...The guacamole is nachos' only problem — PickerelPelee...The voices may not be real, but they tell some pretty good jokes! — Hawaiian Ginger...If you hold a cat upside down, it looks like a tube of toothpaste — SugarRush9...I'm a girl and am not totally repulsed by MAD. Heck, I kinda enjoy it! — Therese Frentz.

NEXT MONTH IN MAD #439

OUR TAKE ON THE OSCARS AND OUR GOD-AWFUL *JOAN OF ARCADIA* SPOOF!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD XL #26

MAD ARTIST OF THE MONTH: WILL ELDER! NASCAR AND TV CLASSIC *STARSKY AND HUTCH!*

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the usual gang of idiots

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ALL THE TRICKS

ALL THE DIRT

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THE FUNDALINI

CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

This month:

50 CENT

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Shock of finally getting good look at that stupid thing he wears on head	20:1
2005 suicide after being overshadowed by new rapper, A Dollar	95:1
Drowns while trying to swim with all his bling-bling on	250:1
Burst blood-vessel in brain from exertion of writing his lyrics	700:1
Actual injury directly related to public feud with rival rapper Ja Rule	9,000,000:1

THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Hanging	Lethal Injection	Stoning
Asphalt	Cobblestones	Bridle Paths
Fishmongers	Drug Mules	Horse Whisperers

FIRST...

At the MTV Video Music Awards, Britney Spears and Madonna tongue-wrestle.

THEN...

At the Emmy Awards, Garry Shandling and Brad Garrett lock lips.

WHAT'S NEXT?

At the Nobel Prize Awards, Stephen J. Hawking and Bishop Desmond Tutu suck face.

CELEBRITY VERSE

by George W. Bush

There once was a man named Saddam
I thought had a nuclear bomb
So I started a war
Few nations were for
And now it's our next Vietnam.

All contributors to Celebrity Verse receive a free MAD sen vrsor. Congratulations, Mr. President!

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$$$CASH PAID$$$
All Antiques Wanted! Except yours. 555-9874

THE 5 STAGES OF SUPERBOWL-OFFICE POOL BETTOR GRIEF

DENIAL

Ah, there's **still 1:57** to go in **the game** — they **only need five** on-side **kick recoveries**, all **run back** for **touchdowns!**

ANGER

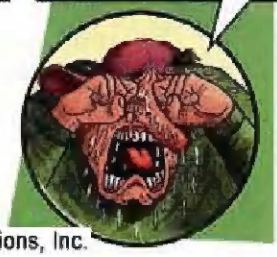
You **@#$%** **bonehead coach!** If you'd only **gone for it** on that **4th down-and-28** back in the **2nd quarter** it could've **changed** the **course** of the **game!**

BARGAINING

Please, **God**, let them **score** just **six more points** so I can **make** my **over/under bet** — and I'll **give big** in the **collection plate** at **church!** And I'll even **stop** buying **porn**...on **Sundays!**

DEPRESSION

I'm a **failure** at **handicapping** the **Super Bowl**...and a **failure** at **life!** Now I don't even have the **money** to **buy** a **gun** and **kill myself!**



ACCEPTANCE

Oh, well — I **woulda** just **blown** the **winnings** on **food** and **rent** anyway!

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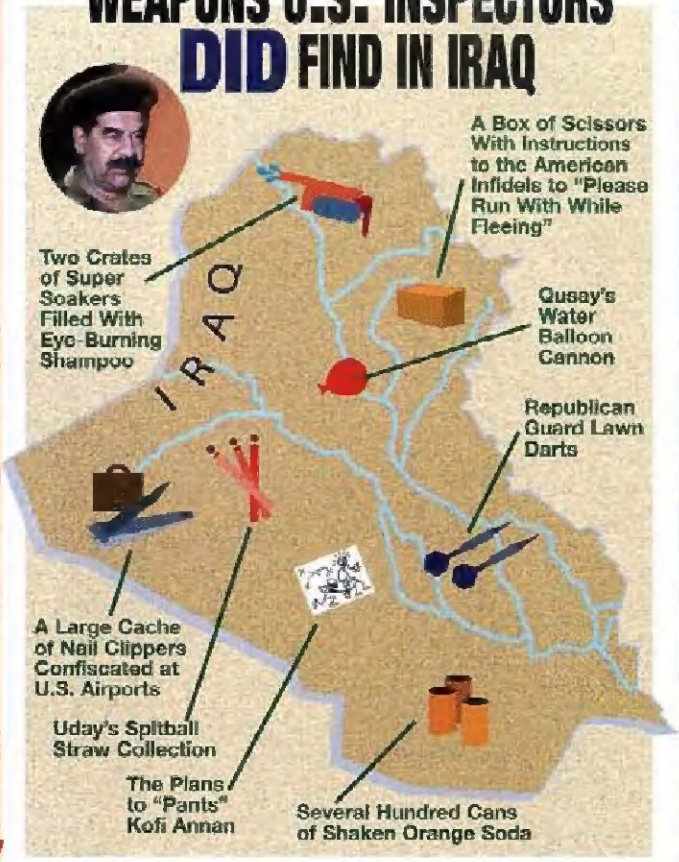
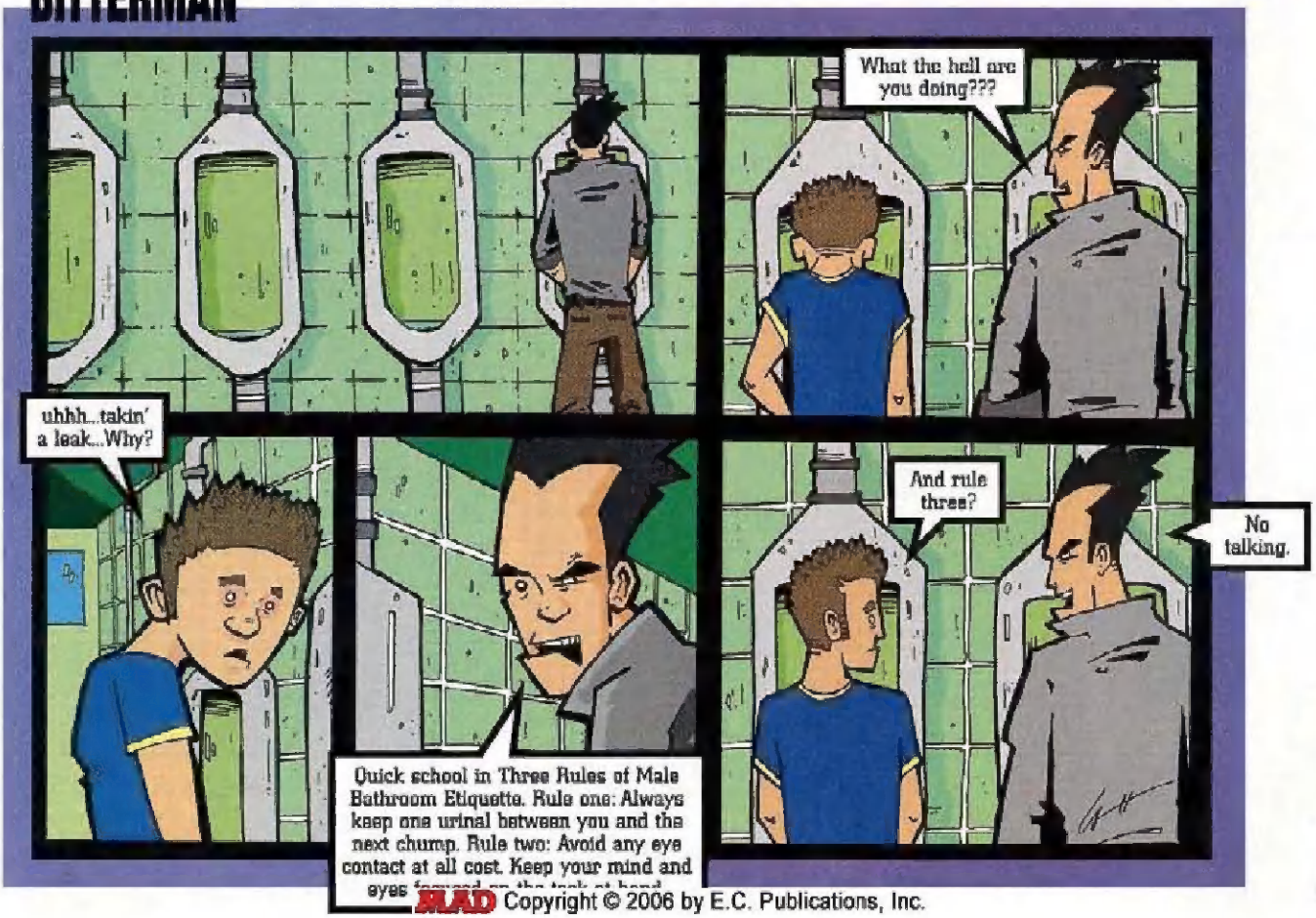
PAGES

MONKEYS ARE ALWAYS FUNNY

WEAPONS U.S. INSPECTORS DID FIND IN IRAQ


A Box of Scissors With Instructions to the American Infidels to "Please Run With While Fleeing"
Two Crates of Super Soakers Filled With Eye-Burning Shampoo
IRAQ
Qusay's Water Balloon Cannon
Republican Guard Lawn Darts
A Large Cache of Nail Clippers Confiscated at U.S. Airports
Uday's Spitball Straw Collection
The Plans to "Pants" Kofi Annan
Several Hundred Cans of Shaken Orange Soda

BITTERMAN


What the hell are you doing???
uhhh...takin' a leak...Why?
Quick school in Three Rules of Male Bathroom Etiquette. Rule one: Always keep one urinal between you and the next chump. Rule two: Avoid any eye contact at all cost. Keep your mind and eyes
And rule three?
No talking.

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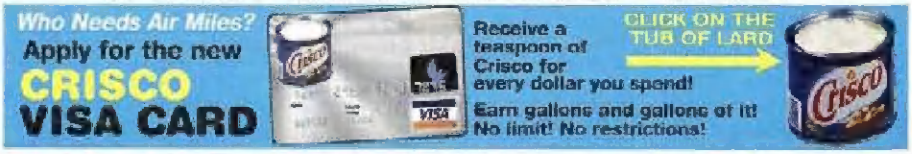
THE FUNDALINI PAGES

THE FAST 5

THE 5 MOST-LIKELY THINGS MICHAEL JACKSON WAS THINKING WHILE HAVING HIS MUG SHOT PHOTO TAKEN

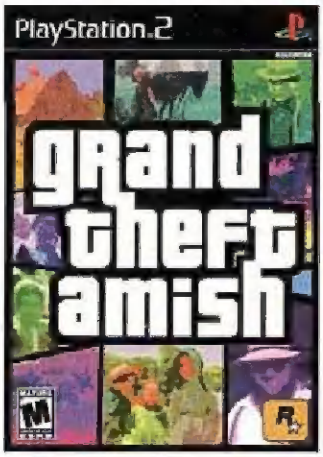
This bad lighting and cheap camera are gonna make me look like a FREAK!
That policeman over there is cute! Wonder if he has a son?
Oh, great! Another $20 million in hush-money I've got to come up with! Guess I'll have to sell off a few more Beatles songs for TV commercials!
Ha! The joke's on you, cops! I'm not gonna look anything like this two months from now!
Did I remember to turn off the ferris wheel before I left home?

AN INTERNET BANNER AD YOU SHOULDN'T CLICK ON


Who Needs Air Miles?
Apply for the new
CRISCO
VISA CARD
Receive a teaspoon of Crisco for every dollar you spend!
Earn gallons and gallons of it! No limit! No restrictions!
CLICK ON THE TUB OF LARD
Crisco

VIDEO GAME PREVIEW

"Pious" Amos Fisher (voiced by Jackie Chan) is a simple butter-churner. But a bitter turf war over a disputed barley field is turning his world upside down. He's a peaceful man, but the gloves are off after Mennonite warlords abduct his wife from a quilting bee. Now, with pitchfork in hand and vengeance in heart, he must take to the mean streets of Lancaster.



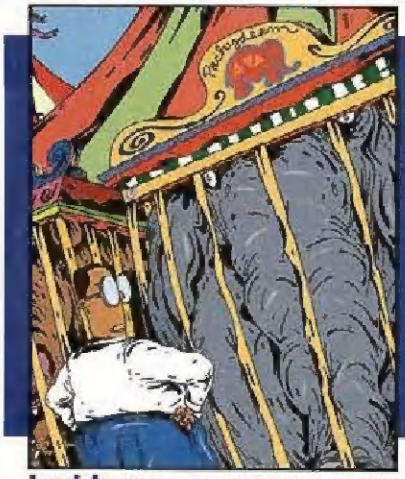
- Hot soundtrack featuring hymns, chanting, and whistled ditties.
- Explore new environments, including modest dwellings, candlelit barns, and a labyrinth of farmers' markets.
- Exciting methods of transportation, including simple horse-and-buggies, humble hiking boots, and rockin' jet-powered skateboards with missile-launching capabilities.
- New assault moves, including the Pitchfork of Piety, Shaolin Kung-Fu barn-raising, and the pacifist skull-cracker.

SPONGE BOB SQUARE PACKAGE

A VARIETY AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE...

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION
BEST PICTURE
BEST ACTRESS
BEST ACTOR IN A SUPPORTING ROLE
BEST "SCORE"
THE PARIS HILTON SEX VIDEO
An Invasion of Privacy Production in association with any drooling voyeur capable of performing a Google search

MELVIN & JENKINS' GUIDE TO THE CIRCUS



Jenkins is very concerned about cruelty to animals, and looks for any signs that might indicate poor treatment.

Melvin adds his own excitement to the dancing bears segment by sneaking in a pellet gun.

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Scott Bricher, Tom Bunk, John Caldwell, Butch D'Ambrosio, Desmond Devlin, Evan Dorkin, Drew Friedman, Garth Gerhart, Charlie Kadau, Arie Kaplan, Scott Maiko, Josh Malinow, Kevin Pope, Joe Raiola, Johnny Syme, Mike Snider

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Finally, you can carry something important to school.
the SIMS
BUSTIN' OUT
GAME BOY ADVANCE
eagames.com
Never leave The Sims™ at home when you bust out with Game Boy® Advance. They'll fit in your pocket and play in your hands. You can create a new Sim from scratch, or connect to the Nintendo GameCube™ version to download your Sim for a completely new adventure. Explore 20 locations, meet 41 wild characters, and beat 8 career mini-games. You can even connect with a friend to trade objects you've collected. And maybe, just maybe, you and your Sim can move into the biggest mansion in SimValley. Together.
EVERYONE
E
Comic Mischief
Mild Violence
EA GAMES
Challenge Everything

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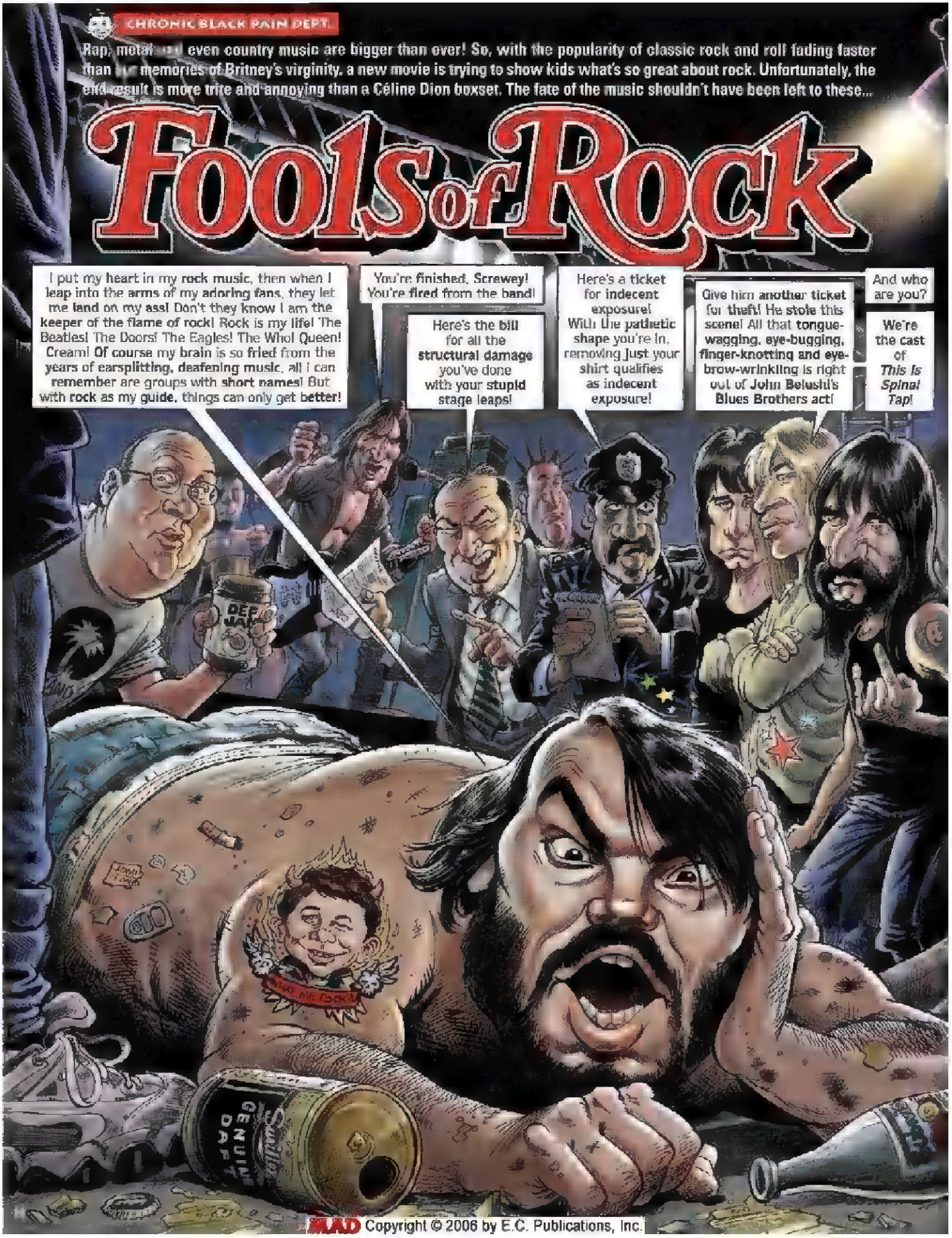
CHRONIC BLACK PAIN DEPT.
Rap, metal and even country music are bigger than ever! So, with the popularity of classic rock and roll fading faster than [illegible] memories of Britney's virginity, a new movie is trying to show kids what's so great about rock. Unfortunately, the end result is more trite and annoying than a Céline Dion boxset. The fate of the music shouldn't have been left to these...
Fools of Rock
I put my heart in my rock music, then when I leap into the arms of my adoring fans, they let me land on my ass! Don't they know I am the keeper of the flame of rock! Rock is my life! The Beatles! The Doors! The Eagles! The Who! Queen! Cream! Of course my brain is so fried from the years of earsplitting, deafening music, all I can remember are groups with short names! But with rock as my guide, things can only get better!
You're finished, Screwey! You're fired from the band!
Here's the bill for all the structural damage you've done with your stupid stage leaps!
Here's a ticket for indecent exposure! With the pathetic shape you're in, removing just your shirt qualifies as indecent exposure!
Give him another ticket for theft! He stole this scene! All that tongue-wagging, eye-bugging, finger-knotting and eye-brow-wrinkling is right out of John Belushi's Blues Brothers act!
And who are you?
We're the cast of This Is Spinal Tap!
DEF JAM
I HATE ROCK!
GENUINE DAFT
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Screwey, you haven't paid anything toward the rent in months! My girlfriend Petty said I should kick you out!
Is Petty making all your decisions now?
That's for her to decide! I have nothing to do with my decisions!
Listen, Screwey! You'll never make any money! You're a loser! A bum! Your dream of becoming a famous rocker is a joke! You should give up now and go on welfare! That's all I'm going to say, because I don't believe in bad-mouthing a person!
Thanks. I appreciate the respect!
This is Principal Middling of the Horribly Green Prep School. We're looking for a substitute teacher!
I'm interested, so long as you're not one of those rigid principals who wants to see references, or worse yet, a teacher's license. Are you?
Please, we don't look for any of that stuff! We just need someone who can look down his nose at the pampered brats that come here, berate them when they screw up, give them mindless projects to bore them all day, and then saddle them with tons of homework so they have no time for fun and relaxation!
Wow. I guess things haven't changed since I went to school! I'll be right in!
REQUIRED READING: ACTING FOR DUMMIES
Who has food? I'm starving!
I have half a sandwich!
Half a sandwich??? I thought this was an upscale, pretentious kind of prep school, where the parents are rolling in dough! Doesn't anyone have half a filet mignon, or half a lobster tail?
How could he be hungry? He's been chewing the scenery since he got here!
YOU'RE TAKING FOR CLASS CLOWN!

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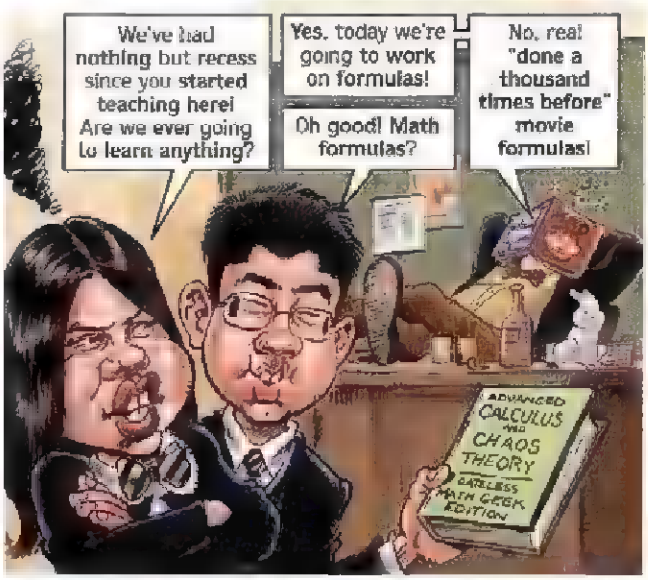
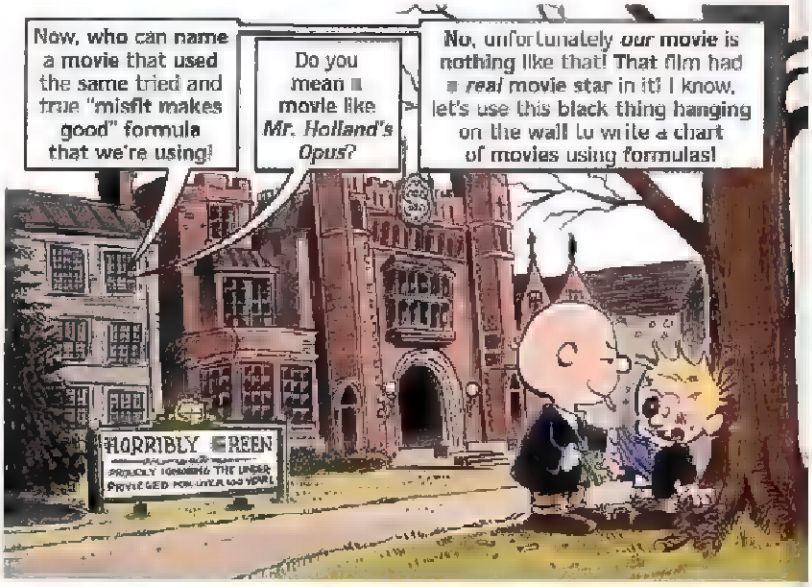
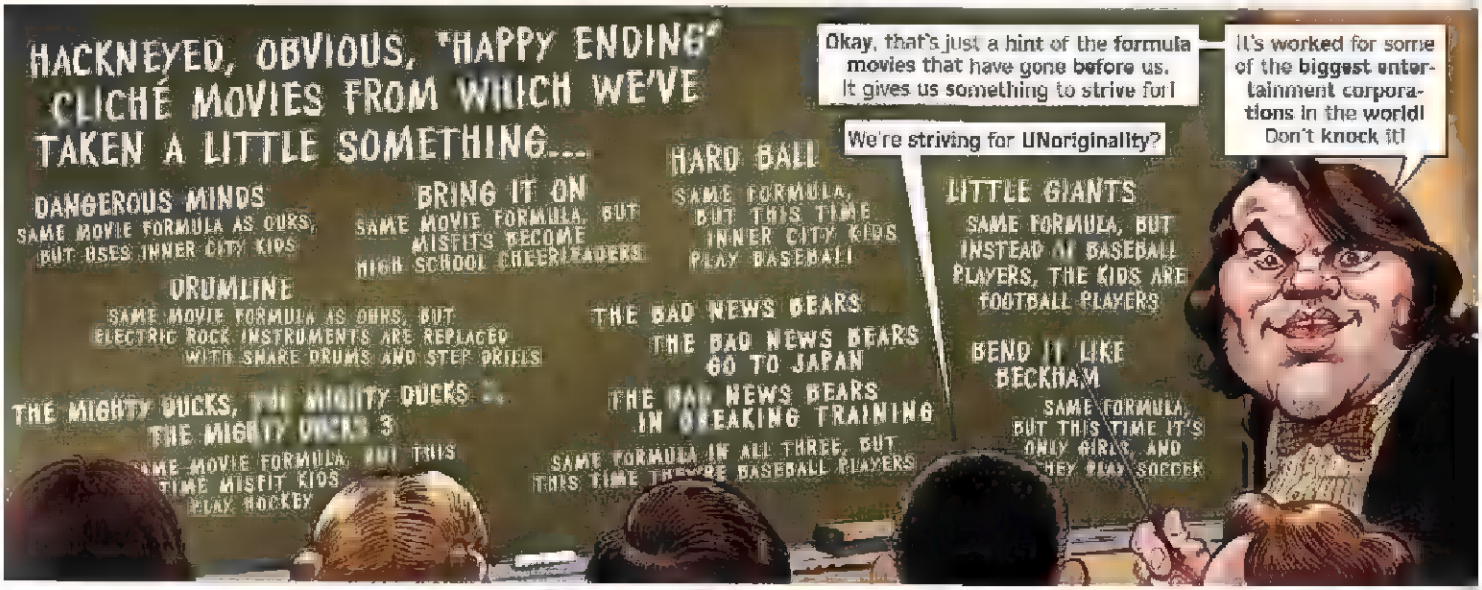
We'll go around the room. I want everyone to tell me where they're from!
Where we're from is easy! We're all from Central Casting! I'm Summary, the ultra-organized, ultra-"miss-know-it-all" kid!
I'm Allowance, the totally unconfident kid!
I'm Too-Meeka, the chubby, overweight shy kid!
I'm Narco, the nerdy kid who has very few friends, but knows everything about computers!
And for some real cheap laughs, I'm Silly, the soon-to-be-out and gay kid!
Let's face it, we're like the kids in all those *Bad News Bears* movies!
I don't know anything about bears, but as for bad news, I've got some! Namely, that this picture is a two-hour movie, and we're just 15 minutes into it!


We've had nothing but recess since you started teaching here! Are we ever going to learn anything?
Yes, today we're going to work on formulas!
Oh good! Math formulas?
No, real "done a thousand times before" movie formulas!
ADVANCED CALCULUS AND CHAOS THEORY
CARELESS MATH GEEK EDITION


Now, who can name a movie that used the same tried and true "misfit makes good" formula that we're using!
Do you mean a movie like *Mr. Holland's Opus*?
No, unfortunately *our* movie is nothing like that! That film had a *real* movie star in it! I know, let's use this black thing hanging on the wall to write a chart of movies using formulas!
HORRIBLY GREEN


HACKNEYED, OBVIOUS, "HAPPY ENDING" CLICHÉ MOVIES FROM WHICH WE'VE TAKEN A LITTLE SOMETHING....
DANGEROUS MINDS
SAME MOVIE FORMULA AS OURS, BUT USES INNER CITY KIDS
BRING IT ON
SAME MOVIE FORMULA, BUT MISFITS BECOME HIGH SCHOOL CHEERLEADERS
HARD BALL
SAME FORMULA, BUT THIS TIME INNER CITY KIDS PLAY BASEBALL
DRUMLINE
SAME MOVIE FORMULA AS OURS, BUT ELECTRIC ROCK INSTRUMENTS ARE REPLACED WITH SNARE DRUMS AND STEP DRILLS
THE BAD NEWS BEARS
THE BAD NEWS BEARS GO TO JAPAN
THE BAD NEWS BEARS IN BREAKING TRAINING
SAME FORMULA IN ALL THREE, BUT THIS TIME THEY'RE BASEBALL PLAYERS
THE MIGHTY DUCKS, THE MIGHTY DUCKS 2, THE MIGHTY DUCKS 3
SAME MOVIE FORMULA, BUT THIS TIME MISFIT KIDS PLAY HOCKEY
LITTLE GIANTS
SAME FORMULA, BUT INSTEAD OF BASEBALL PLAYERS, THE KIDS ARE FOOTBALL PLAYERS
BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM
SAME FORMULA, BUT THIS TIME IT'S ONLY GIRLS, AND THEY PLAY SOCCER
Okay, that's just a hint of the formula movies that have gone before us. It gives us something to strive for!
We're striving for UNoriginality?
It's worked for some of the biggest entertainment corporations in the world! Don't knock it!

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Now listen up! I have a theory I need to share! My theory is that The Man has ruined everything!
You mean like The Man ruined the ozone layer, and The Man is polluting the waters of the world?
No, nothing as mundane or inconsequential as that! I'm talking about important things! The Man ruined rock 'n' roll when he invented MTV! Can you understand what I mean?
Yes! So, in a way, The Man also ruined the movie-going experience for millions when he signed you as a leading comic actor!
Hmmm, you smart brats understand a little too well!
BYTE ME
What are all these instruments here for?
I had no idea you guys had musical talent until I heard you all in music class yesterday! The problem is, you were playing crap!
Classical music is crap?
When it comes to movie soundtracks it is! Let's see you try to sell a classical music soundtrack! Trust me, the sales figures will be crap! On the other hand, recycled rock on a soundtrack? Solid gold!
DEATH ROCK
Now, what I'm going to tell you is secret!
You already told us your secret. Your social security number was lost in a fire, so the school has to pay you in cash!
And if they don't pay you in cash, then we should try to get money from our parents and give it to you!
That's all true, and the teacher's "tip jar" is on my desk, but this is a different secret!
TIPPING IS NOT A CITY IN CHINA
Next semester, every school in the state will take part in a "Battle of the Bands" contest! But I don't want to wait until next semester. I want to get started right now!
Will there be time to learn to play in a band and still study all the other subjects that we're supposed to learn?
No, there's only time to learn to play in our band! So your homework assignment for the next few months is to get yourself an education *after* school!
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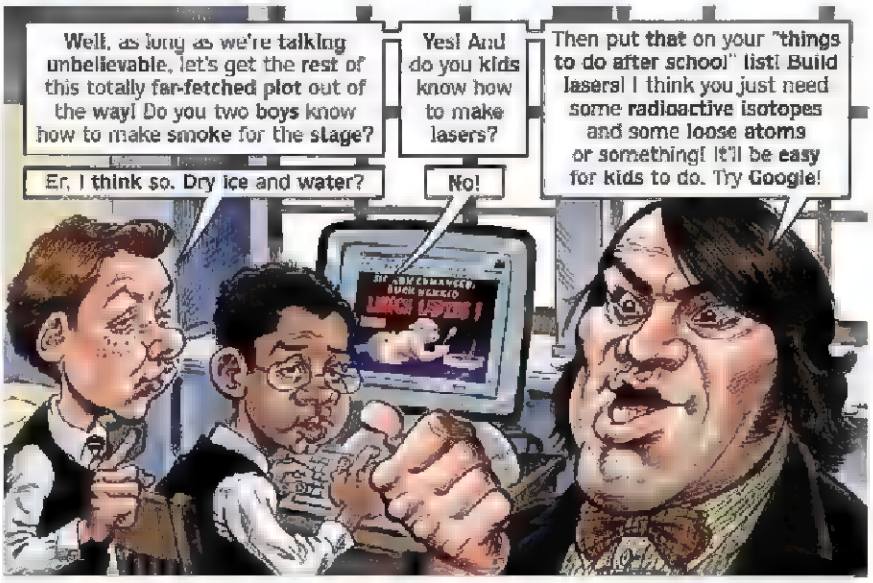
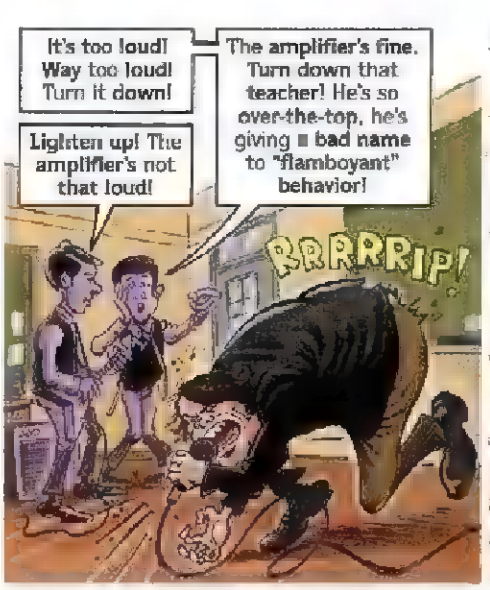
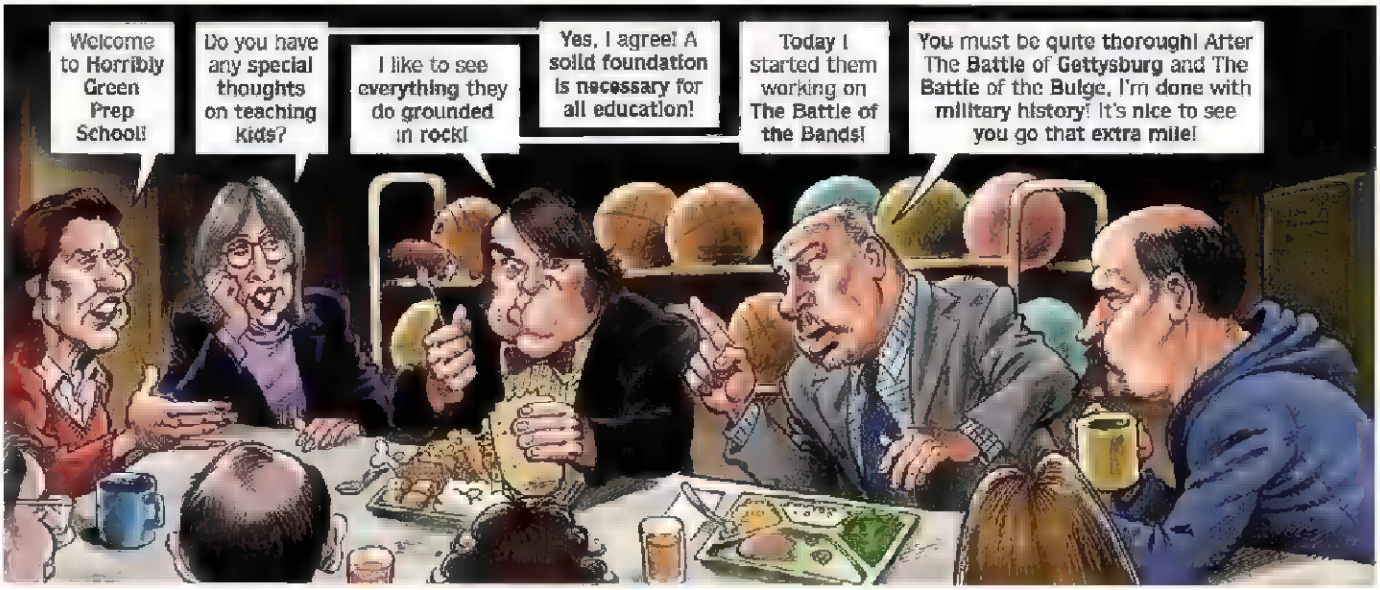
All the musicians have their instruments, how are you guys coming with soundproofing this room?
Making this room soundproof when you have all these amplifiers cranked up will be just about impossible, but we have a perfect plan!
Each morning, we'll sneak into the teacher's lounge and place ear plugs into all their ears! That way, even with all the amps at full power, the teachers won't hear a thing!
That's truly implausible, isn't it?
That's implausible? Asking ten-year-old kids to soundproof a schoolroom full of high-powered music gear is *more* believable?


Well, as long as we're talking unbelievable, let's get the rest of this totally far-fetched plot out of the way! Do you two boys know how to make smoke for the stage?
Yes! And do you kids know how to make lasers?
Then put that on your "things to do after school" list! Build lasers! I think you just need some radioactive isotopes and some loose atoms or something! It'll be easy for kids to do. Try Google!
Er, I think so. Dry ice and water?
No!


It's too loud! Way too loud! Turn it down!
The amplifier's fine. Turn down that teacher! He's so over-the-top, he's giving a bad name to "flamboyant" behavior!
Lighten up! The amplifier's not that loud!
RRRRRIP!


Welcome to Horribly Green Prep School!
Do you have any special thoughts on teaching kids?
I like to see everything they do grounded in rock!
Yes, I agree! A solid foundation is necessary for all education!
Today I started them working on The Battle of the Bands!
You must be quite thorough! After The Battle of Gettysburg and The Battle of the Bulge, I'm done with military history! It's nice to see you go that extra mile!

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So, did you guys come up with any ideas for naming our band?
We did! Three! How about The Stereotypes? The Young Clichés? The Ridiculous Rockers?
Naw, too much on the mark! I know! Let's just go with the title of this MAD send-up! We'll be the Fools of Rock!
So, are we in the competition?
Well, at first they said there was no room for us on the bill! But I'm afraid I lied and said you were all terminal, and now we're included!
That wasn't lying! We are all terminal! We're all terminally cute!
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
WILL ROCK FOR FOOD
No one from school ever invited me out before! I'm so excited! And this drink has my head spinning!
Yeah, the caffeine in Coke does that to some people!
I hope you didn't bring me here to play out that tired old scene where I get tipsy and agree to something I'll later regret!
Naw! But against every strict school rule you explained to me, I would like to take the kids on an unauthorized outing, without telling the parents!
That's impossible! Unless of course you buy me another Coke, you smooth talker you!
Look, I'll tell you all the truth! I'm a fraud! My name is Screwey Skin! I'm not really a teacher! But I did get to know your kids and they're awesome! I was touched by them, and I've touched each of them!
You... you touched our kids??
You pervert!
No, no, nothing like that!! Give me a break, I'm a musician, not a priest!
Honey, did you ever dream our son would be that good? I forbade him to play the electric guitar, but now I'm going to demand he play it!
Great idea, sweetheart! And if we can get him to drop out of school and become a burnt-out, junkie rocker, we'll not only save on tuition, but we'll live off the money he makes doing gigs!
That's my son on the computer! He always dreamed of a job at Microsoft, but I'm sure he'll find a career in special effects for one night stands in crappy cities more rewarding!
Screwey sure changed the fate of these kids! I bet none of them makes it into the business world!
Okay, the contest is over and we didn't win the top prize, but we learned something profoundly important! We learned that there is equal satisfaction in a moral victory!
That's an excellent lesson, Mr. Skin! You be sure to keep that in mind when the Academy Awards totally pass over you!
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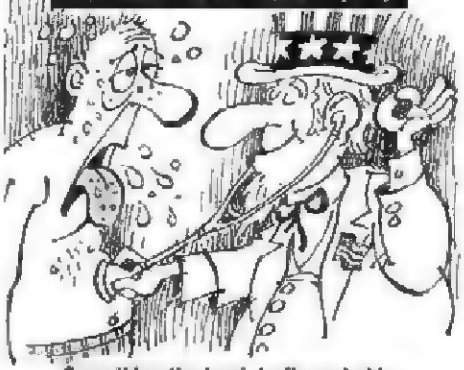
MAD's Handy to the

LEXICON-JOB DEPT.

During the war, what did the Iraqi army and the U.S. army have in common? Answer: neither of them spoke much English! The attack on Saddam Hussein was described with a desert storm of confusing buzzwords, codewords and non-words. And with Syria, Lebanon, Iran, Saudi Arabia, France and Peru still taking up valuable space on the map, expect to hear a whole lot more of this tongue-twisting Pentagon gobbledygook. Therefore, as a service to our readers who like to watch stuff blow up real good on TV, enjoy the deeply, deeply embedded jokes in...

CHEMICAL WEAPONS



Something the Iraqi devils probably used on U.S. troops during the 1991 war. (However, Pentagon doctors want to remind all veterans reading this that any symptoms of "Gulf War Syndrome" are 100% imaginary.)

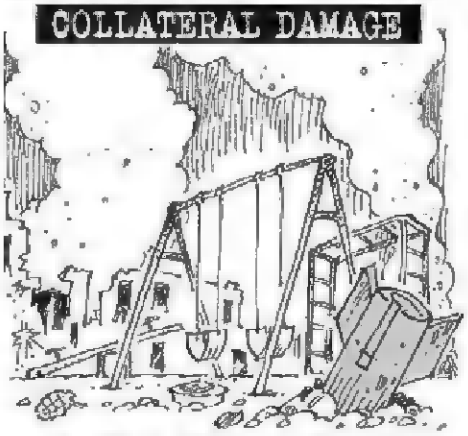
CYNIC

The administration's term for anybody who'd kind of like to see even one bottle turn up from that massive Iraqi supply of "25,000 liters of anthrax, 38,000 liters of botulinum toxin, and 500 tons of sarin, mustard, and VX nerve agent" George Bush trumpeted in his State of the Union address.

"ANOTHER VIETNAM"

A ridiculous assertion made by the war's opponents, who don't comprehend the very significant differences between the Middle East and Southeast Asia: you can sell a barrel of oil for much more than a barrel of rice.

COLLATERAL DAMAGE

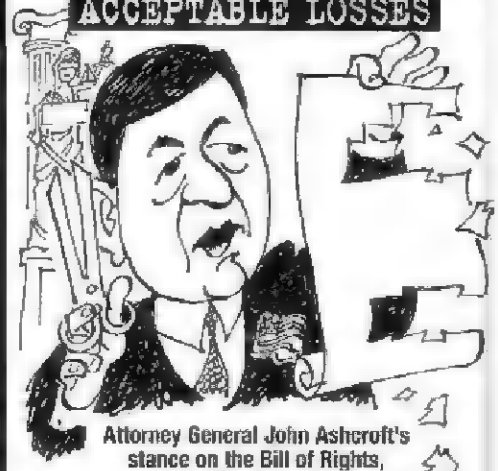


The official military explanation as to why there are so many empty seats lately in Umm Qasr's 4th-grade classrooms.

FREEING THE IRAQI PEOPLE

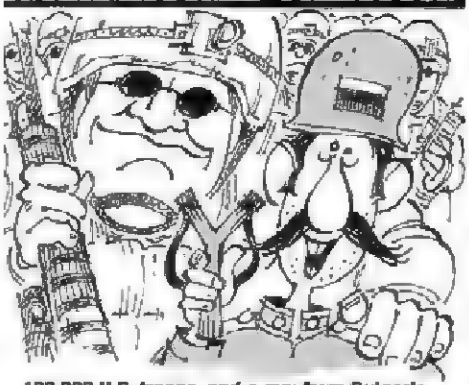
White House catch phrase #3, when it turned out "weapons of mass destruction" and "link to al-Qaeda" didn't work so good.

ACCEPTABLE LOSSES



Attorney General John Ashcroft's stance on the Bill of Rights, except for #2 and #10.

BROADBASED INTERNATIONAL COALITION

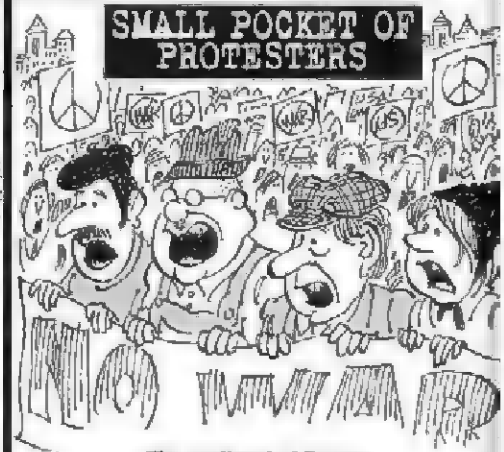


138,000 U.S. troops, and a guy from Bulgaria.

"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED"

The White House definition of knocking over a statue.

SMALL POCKET OF PROTESTERS



The continent of Europe.

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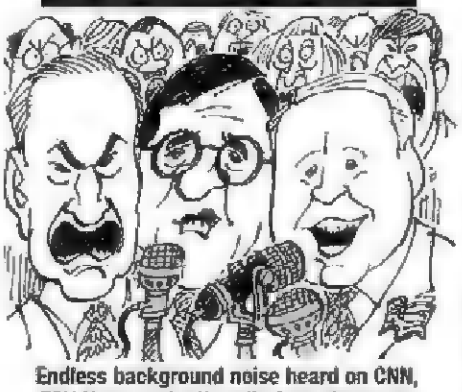
Glossary War on Terror

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

INCREASED CHATTER

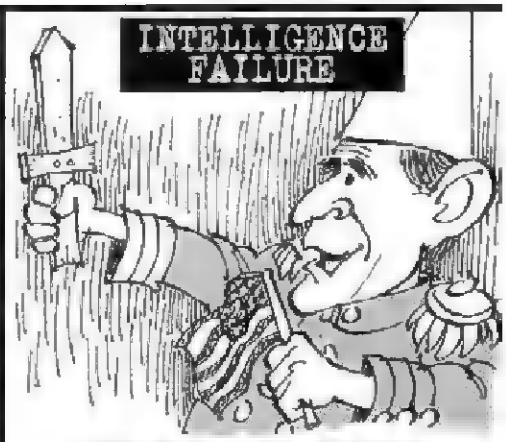


Endless background noise heard on CNN, FOX News and talk radio from thousands of pundits who apparently think that "No blood for oil!" or "I support the troops!" are exceptionally deep statements.

EMBEDDED REPORTER

A professional journalist who will report fully, fairly and without bias on the same people he's dependent upon to keep his ass alive.

INTELLIGENCE FAILURE

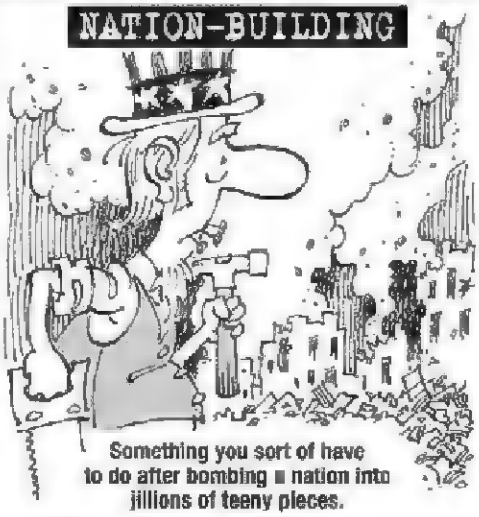


Calling the war a "crusade," declaring the fighting "over," inviting motivated killers to "bring it on," or whatever boneheaded thing Bush says NEXT week.

"BRING IT ON"

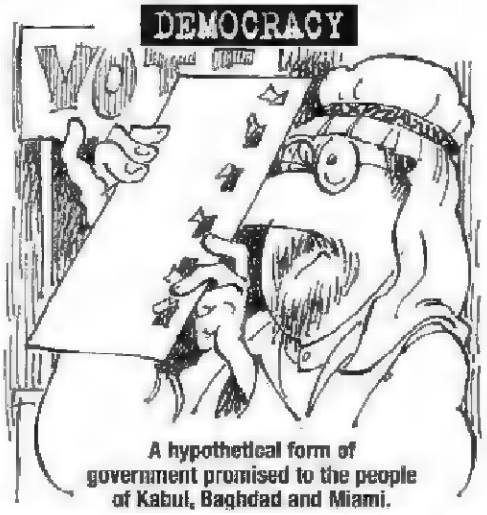
W's taunt to America's enemies, apparently meant to intimidate the sort of people who already blow themselves up with a smile.

NATION-BUILDING



Something you sort of have to do after bombing a nation into jillions of teeny pieces.

DEMOCRACY

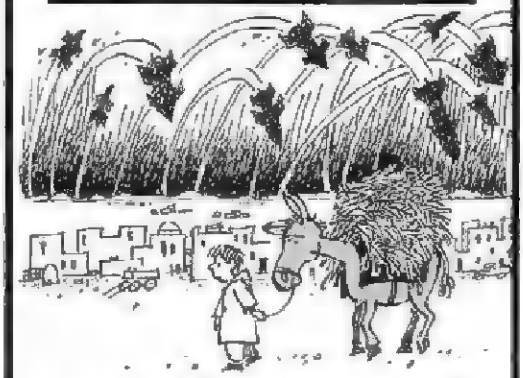


A hypothetical form of government promised to the people of Kabul, Baghdad and Miami.

MASS SURRENDER

What the media does at every Bush press conference.

PREEMPTIVE WARFARE



A brand-new U.S. policy, apparently thought up after seeing a Mike Tyson weigh-in.

"HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE IRAQI PEOPLE"

That stuff CNN and FOX don't show you, splattered all over the Iraqi rubble.

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ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPT.

Monroe and...

Everyone gets their 15 minutes. For our hero it will feel like forever. It's...

WHAT IN THE HELL IS GOING ON DOWN HERE?
IT'S SATURDAY MORNING. I'M WATCHING TV.
WELL, KEEP IT DOWN! SATURDAY IS A DAY OF REST!
TECHNICALLY, YOU WOULD NEED A JOB IF YOU WERE GOING TO REST FROM IT.
WHAT ARE WE WATCHING?
SURVIVOR JR. IT'S LIKE THE REGULAR SURVIVOR, WITHOUT THE NAKED OLD MEN.
SOMEBODY CALL ME?
UGH! GRANDPA, WHERE'S YOUR PAJAMAS?
WOW, THINGS ARE REALLY STARTING TO HEAT UP!
HOW LONG HAVE THESE BRATS BEEN AWAY FROM HOME?
SURVIVOR JR
TWO DAYS.
TWO DAYS?! BIG DEAL! WHEN I WAS ON GUADALCANAL I TOOK DUMPS THAT LASTED TWO DAYS!
AND HOW LONG ARE THEY STUCK THERE?
A MONTH, AND THE LAST ONE GETS HALF A MILLION BUCKS...WHY? WHY ARE YOU GUYS DROOLING LIKE THAT?
YOU MIGHT JUST WORK, KID. WE'VE ALREADY CAST THE GOOD LOOKING ONES, BUT WE'RE STILL LOOKING FOR THE QUIRKY WEIRDO ROLE.
WE CALL IT THE "ECCH FACTOR."
QUIRKY?
YEAH, YOU KNOW, THE UGLY UNDERDOG LOSER. DO YOU HAVE ANY SURVIVAL SKILLS?
YOU KIDDING? HE MAKES IT THROUGH SCHOOL EVERY DAY WITH THAT FACE!
YOU'VE GOT A POINT. THE KID'S HIRED!
WELL, THIS IS IT.
OH, DON'T GET OUR HOPES UP. YOU'RE ONLY GONE FOR A MONTH.
YEAH, "17" MAKES IT SOUND LIKE I'M GONNA GET YOUR ROOM.

ARTIST: BILL WRAY

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SURVIVOR JR.

PART 1

THE SHEEP ON THEM STARTED ATTACKING ME, SO I BURNED 'EM.
SOMEONE'S BEEN SCREWING WITH HIS MEDS AGAIN.
WELL, I HAD TO TIP THE PAPERBOY WITH SOMETHING.
Shhhh. THE SHOW IS BACK ON!
LOOK, EITHER WE VOTE DEVON OFF, OR I TAKE YOUR FOOD.
YOU TAKE MY FOOD, I'LL CUT OFF YOUR LEG AND EAT THAT.
FINE! AT LEAST I'LL BE OUT OF MY MISERY! LOOK AT MY RIBS!
MMM. Delicious.
GET AWAY FROM ME!
OKAY, JUST REMEMBER WHAT TO SAY.
HOW ABOUT THAT MY FAMILY WANTS TO SHIP ME OFF TO AN ISLAND FOR A MONTH?
NO. JAZZ IT UP, SWEETHEART. TELL THEM YOU NEED THE MONEY FOR GRANDPA'S GALLBLADDER.
CASTING OFFICE
LET US DISCOVER THE STAR IN YOU
WE'LL SPEND IT ON GRANDPA GETTING BETTER?
GOD NO! WE'LL SPEND IT ON A VEGAS BENDER!
YEAH, GETTING RID OF YOU FOR A MONTH IS JUST THE CHERRY ON TOP!
GEE, THANKS.
I'M KIDDING. IT'S THE WHOLE DAMN SUNDAE! NOW WORK IT!
SHINE!
HEY, WHAT'S UP? I'M MONROE.
I'M BARTON. YOU WANT TO BE IN MY ALLIANCE?
UH... I DUNNO.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PROVE YOURSELF. WHEN NOBODY IS LOOKING, THROW ONE OF THE OTHERS OFF THE BOAT.
WHAT? WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN!
IT'LL UP OUR ODDS.
I'M GONNA GO SIT OVER THERE.
YOU BETTER GET YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME, DUDE!

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

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MoNroe

HI, I'M CAROL ANN. WELCOME TO TEAM HEYBATABATA.
THANKS. I MEAN... THANKS... I MEAN dammm... uh, I MEAN... uhhhhh.
SMOOTH, LITTLE MAN. I'M PABLO, TEAM LEADER. YOU WANT TO CHALLENGE ME?
SURE, OKAY. I CHALLENGE YOU TO A "JUMP OFF THE CLIFF CONTEST". YOU FIRST.
I LIKE YOUR STYLE, LITTLE MAN! WELCOME TO THE TEAM!
MAN! I RAN MY ASS OFF!
UNFORTUNATELY, MONROE DIDN'T EAT THE CHUM FAST ENOUGH.
GASP! GASP!
BUT I ALMOST FINISHED THE WHOLE BUCKET. MMPF.
ALMOST ONLY COUNTS IN HORSE-SHOES, NOT CHUM-BUCKET-EATING.
I THINK YOU DID GREAT.
THANKS.
BUT DON'T TOUCH ME--YOU SMELL LIKE WHALE ASS.
I DON'T GET IT. YOU GUYS DIDN'T VOTE ME OUT. NO ONE'S EVER GIVEN ME A BREAK BEFORE. EVER.
SEE, WE'RE NOT SO BAD.
THIS IS ALL RIGHT.
BESIDES, GORDON WAS A BIGGER THREAT, AND WE NEED SOMEONE TO EAT ALL THE MONKEY BRAINS, SLUGS AND CRAP IN THE UPCOMING CHALLENGES.
HA HA HA HA HA
GREAT.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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OKAY, LETS START OUR FIRST CHALLENGE. ONE MEMBER OF YOUR TEAM WILL RUN THE OBSTACLE COURSE WHILE THE OTHER EATS HIS WAY OUT OF THE GIANT CHUM BUCKET.
I'LL RUN THE COURSE WHILE LITTLE MAN EATS THE CHUM.
CHUM? WHAT'S CHUM?
THINK OF IT AS EXTREME SUSHI. OKAY, LET'S BEGIN!
GOON...
AND THAT'S IT! TEAM HEYBATABATA LOSES!
THIS MEANS TEAM HEYBATABATA HAS TO VOTE ONE PERSON OFF.
LET ME TAKE A WILD GUESS...
OKAY, EVERYONE'S VOTED. LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE.
IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU GUYS. I'LL SAY HI TO ELECTRICITY AND RUNNING WATER FOR YOU.
TEAM HEYBATABATA VOTES OFF GORDON.
WHAT?
THIS IS TOTALLY BOGUS. I KICKED BUTT FOR THIS TEAM.
As it is written, so it shall be.
GOODBYE, GORDON. WELL GUYS, IF WE LEARNED ANYTHING, IT'S THAT ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WITH ANYTHING. MY GOD, WHO'S WRITING THIS CRAPOLA?
ON THE NEXT EPISODE OF SURVIVOR JR...MONROE LEARNS THAT LIFE ON THE ISLAND IS NOT ALL FUN IN THE SUN...
SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS, THAT WASN'T SUNBLOCK, IT WAS BUTTER?
TEMPERS FLARE WHEN HUNGER SETS IN...
YOU WASTED ALL OUR BUTTER!!!
I JUST WANTED TO LOOK GOOD FOR THE CAMERAS.
AND NEW ALLIANCES ARE FORMED...
WE BURY HIM IN THE JUNGLE AND NOBODY IS THE WISER.
Gulp.
OKAY, HAVE YOU CHOSEN WHO TO BURY IN THE SCORPION PIT?
YOU BET WE HAVE!
SCORPION...
WHUH?
LOST
Bill Gray + Soul
Tony B.

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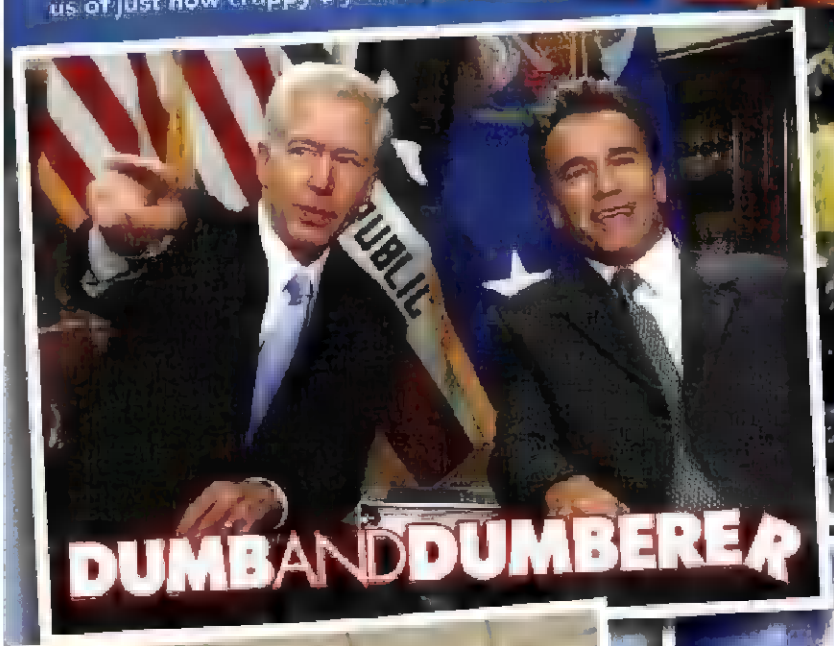
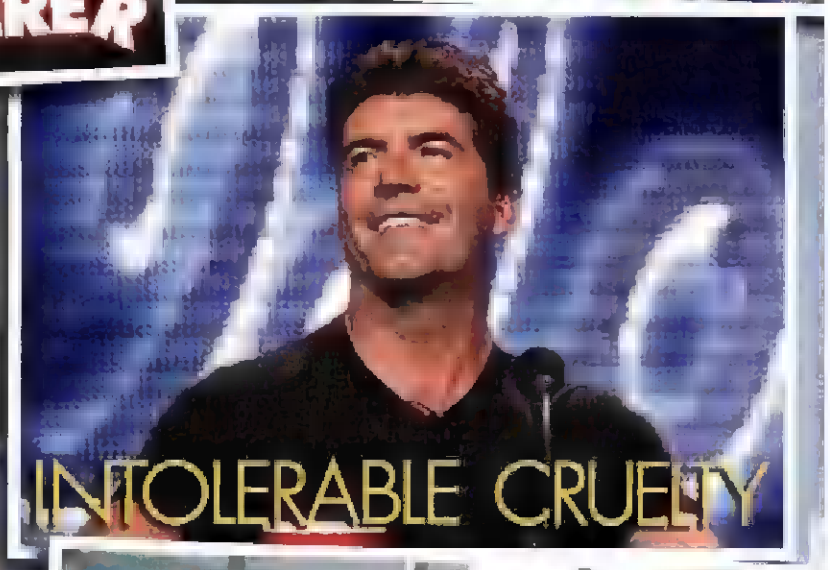
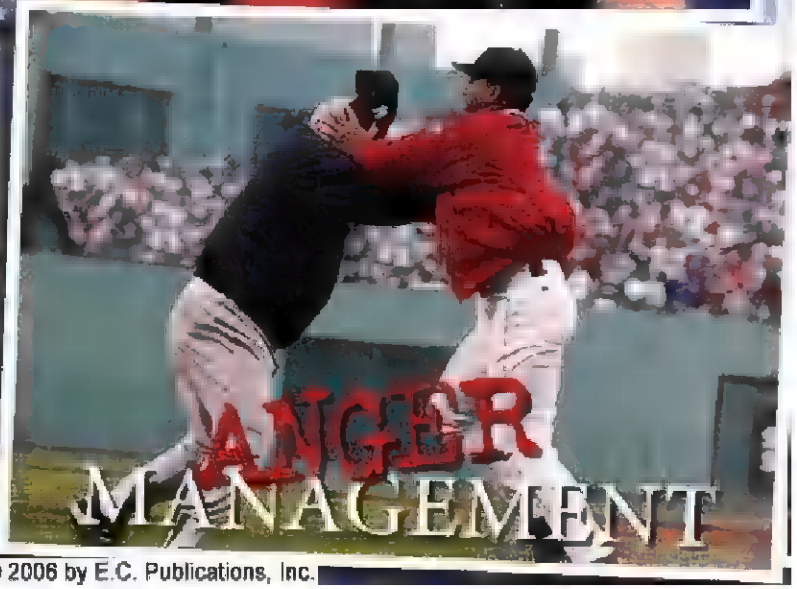
TITLE WAVE DEPT.

2003: THE

People go to movies to forget the troubles of the real world. Unfortunately, even in the cool, dark, cell phone-free atmosphere of the multiplex, there was still plenty to remind us of just how crappy a year it was.







WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

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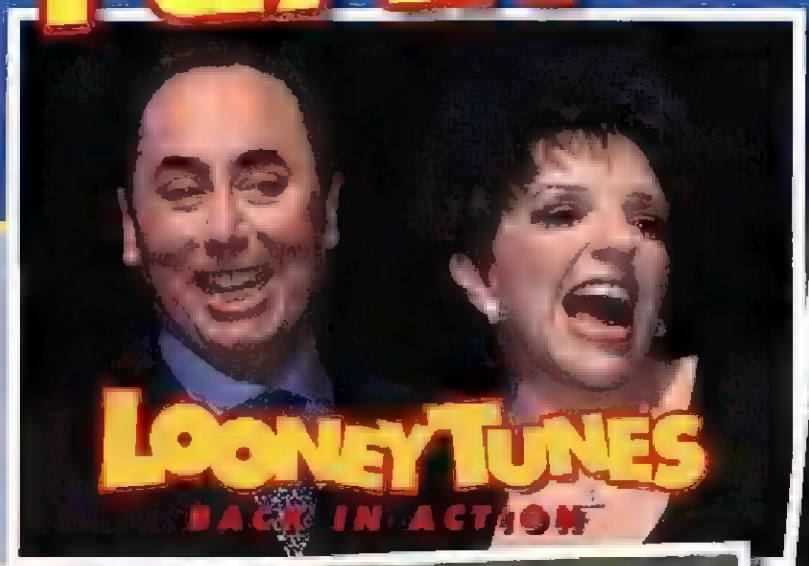
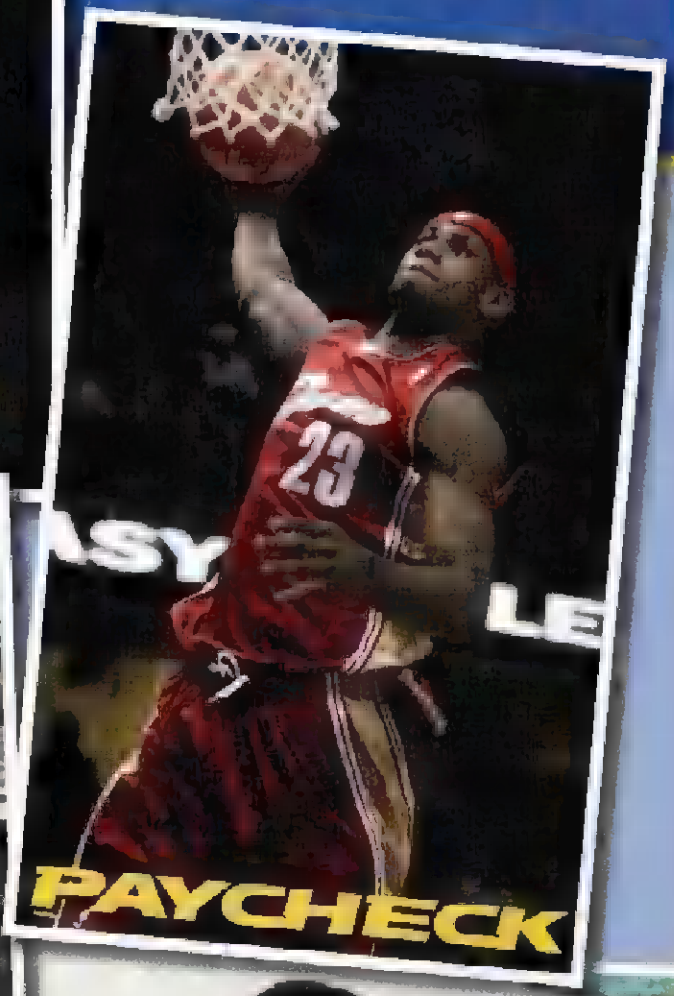
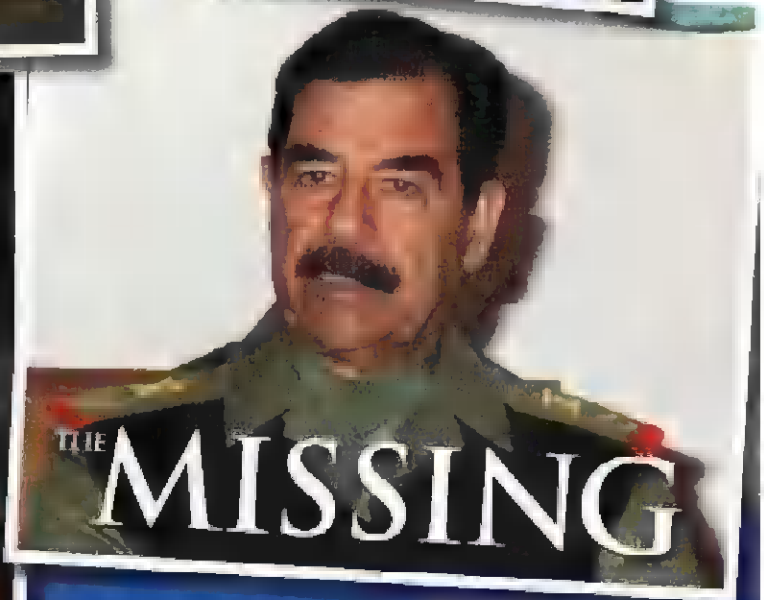
YEAR IN FILM







PHOTOS: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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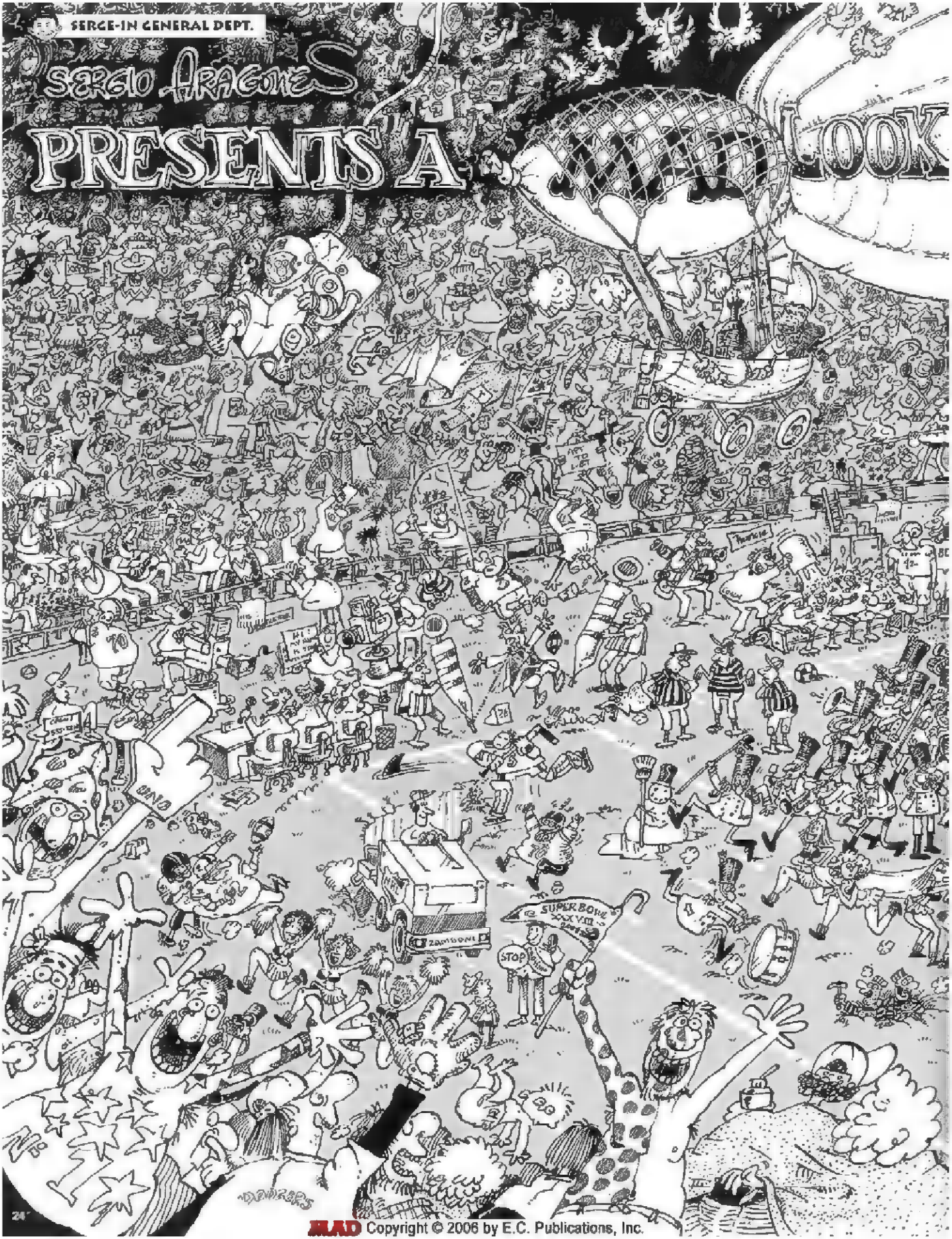
SERGIO ARAGONÉS PRESENTS A MAD LOOK



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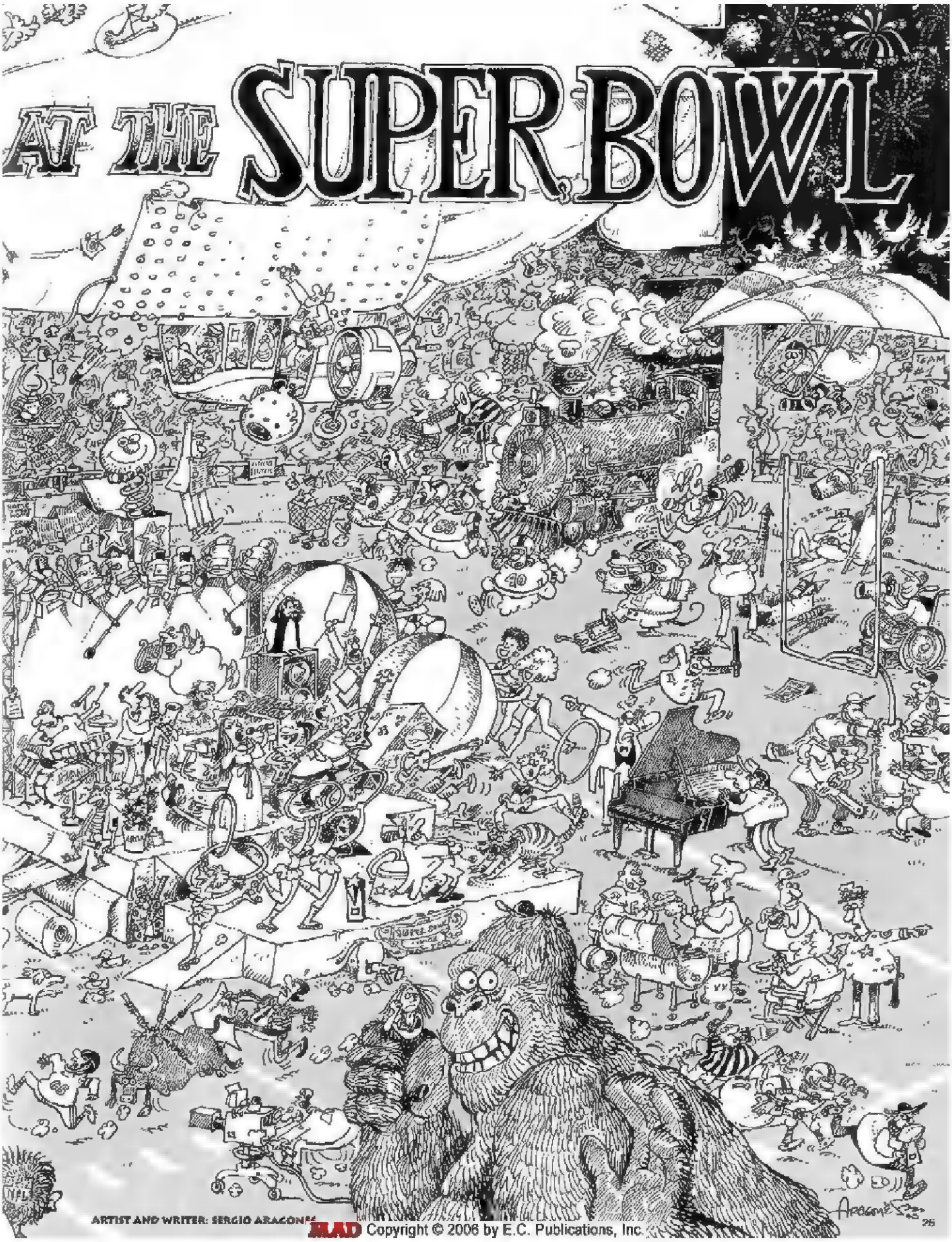
AT THE SUPER BOWL
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONÉS
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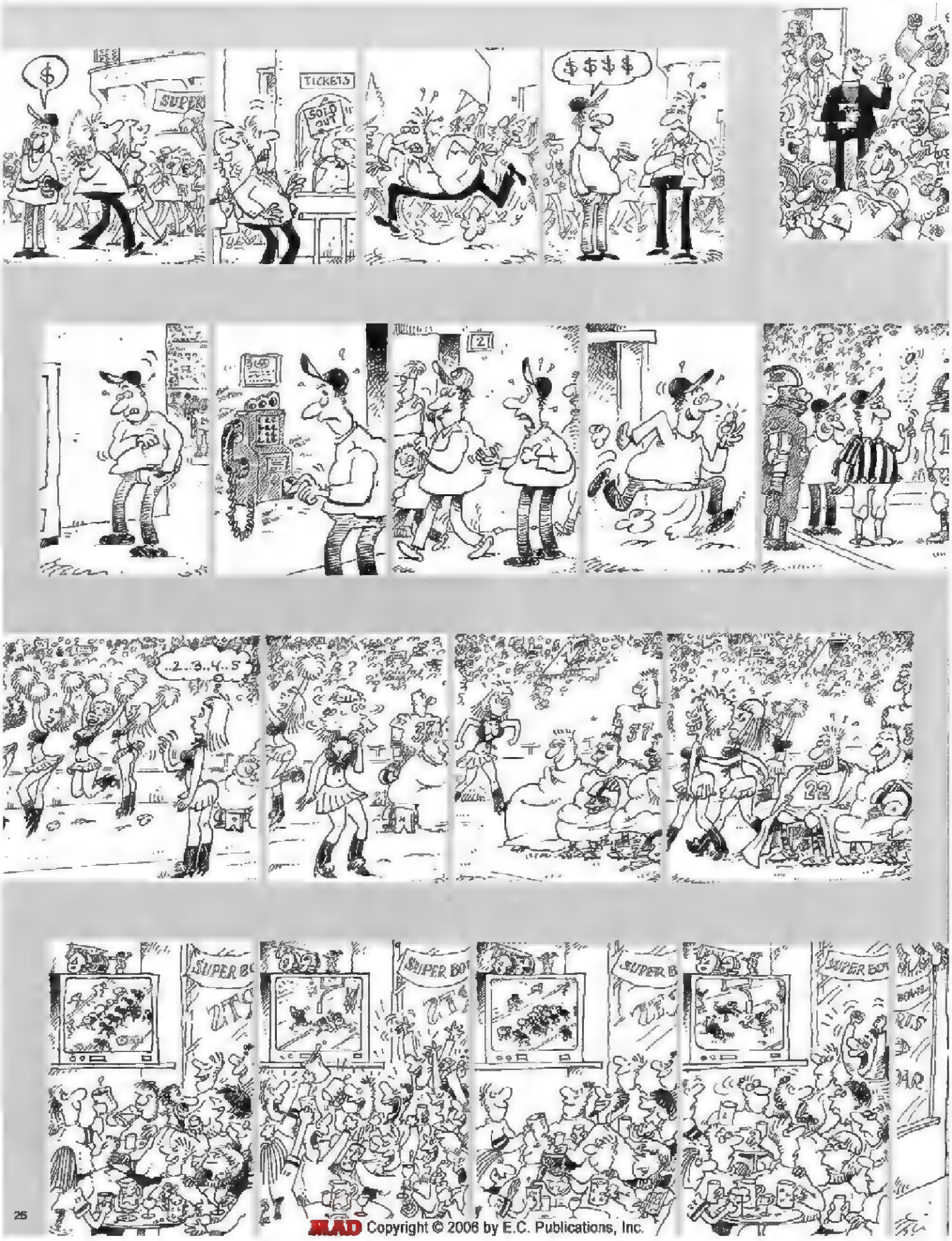

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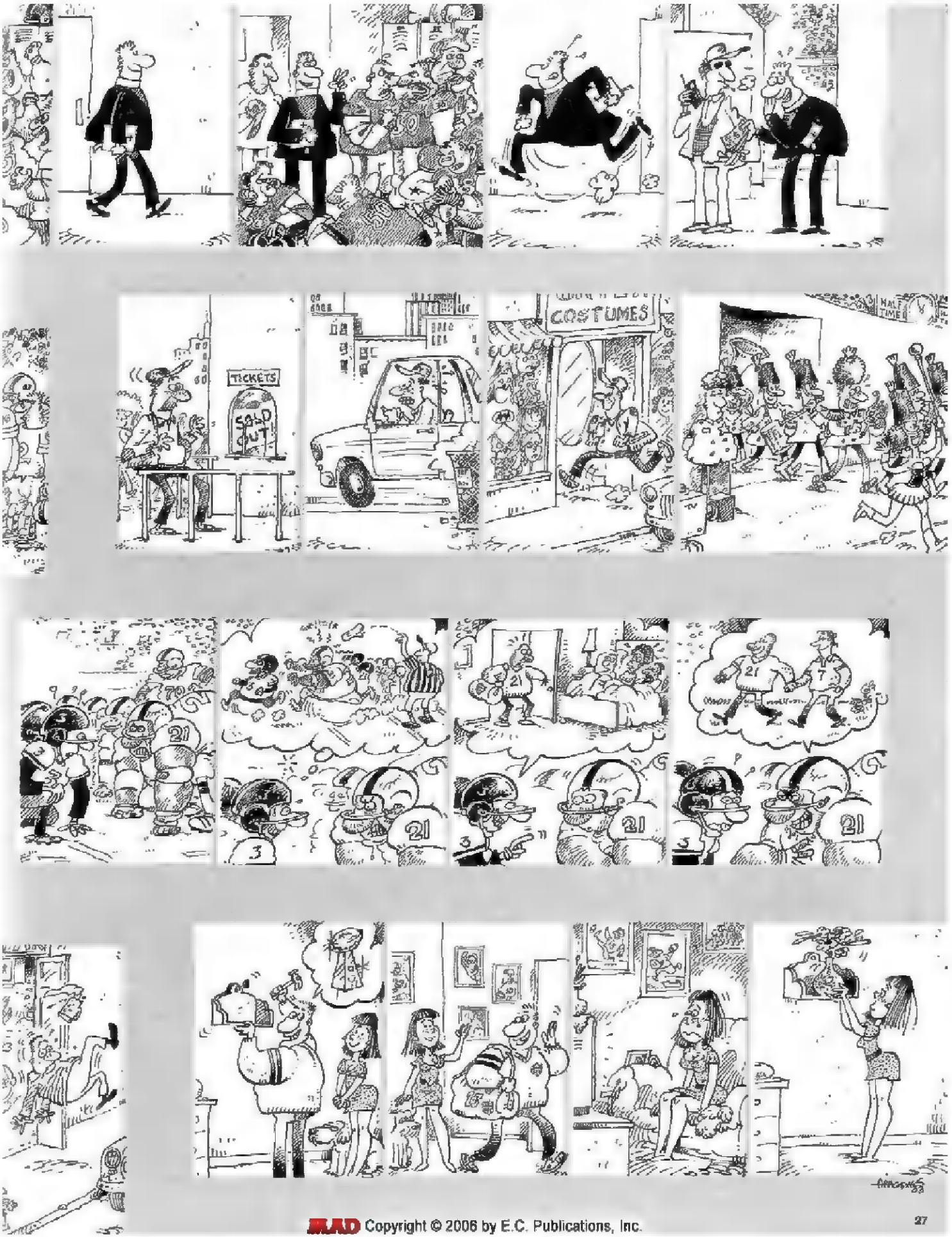

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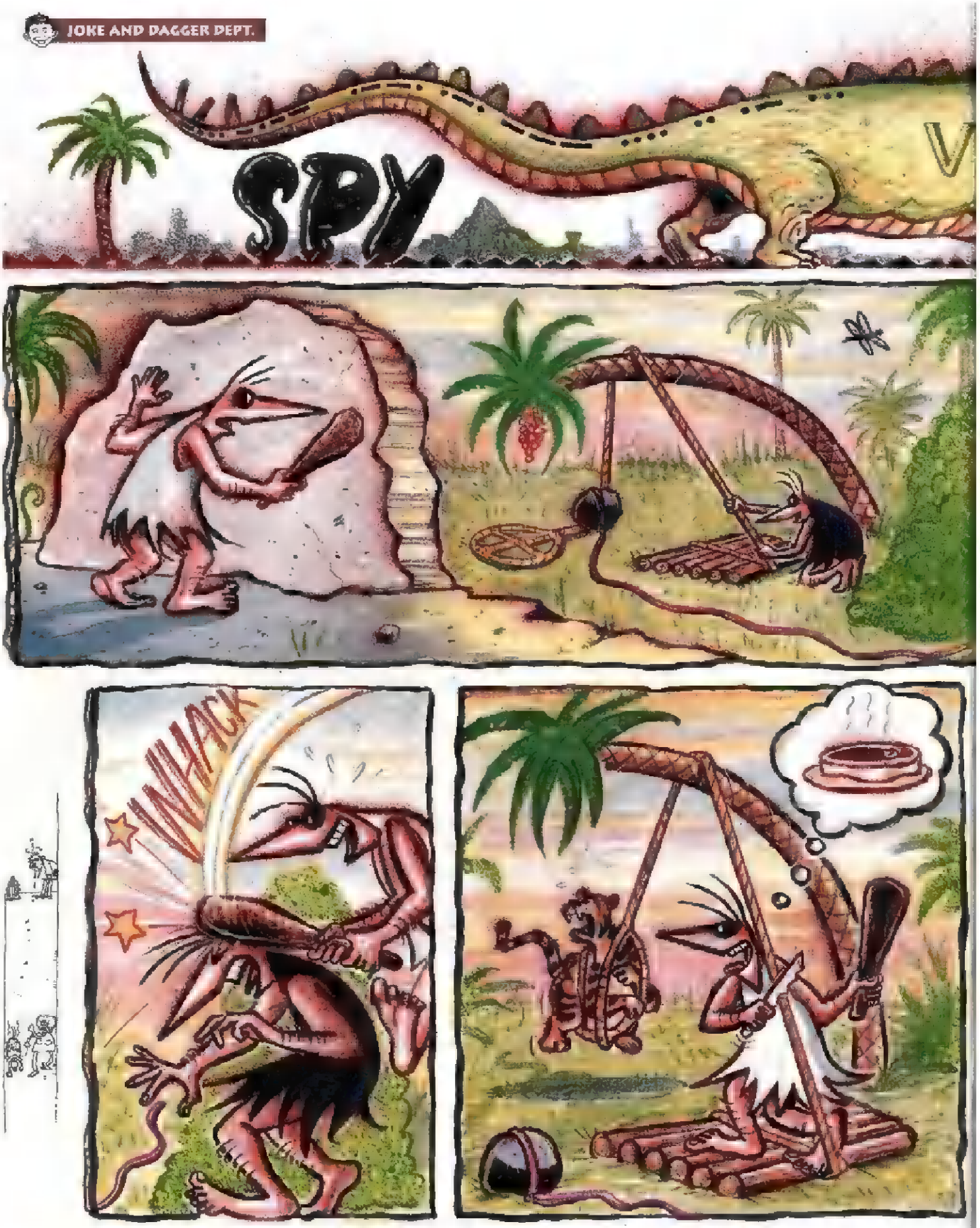

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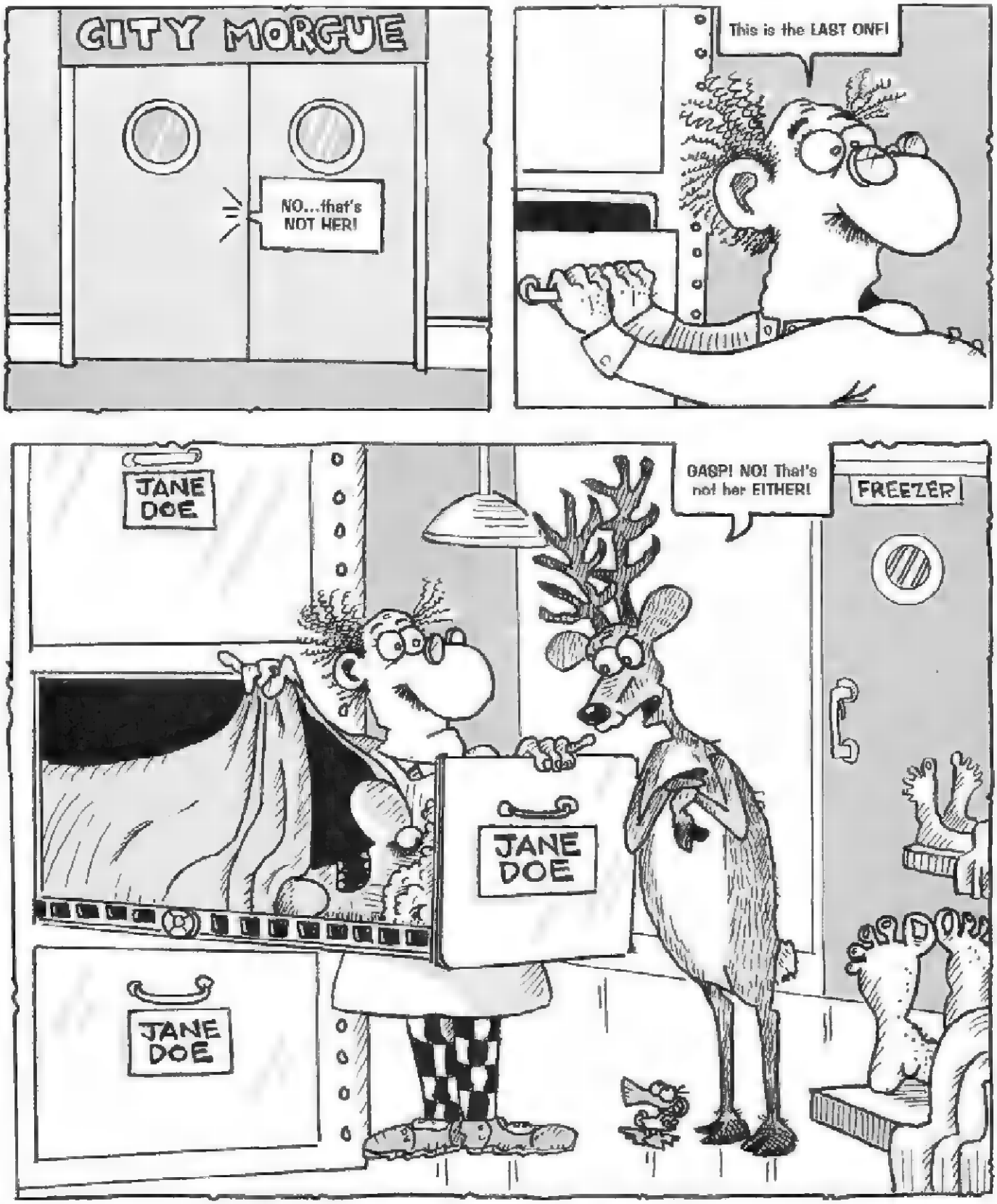
TALES FROM the DUCK SIDE

THE MOURN IDENTITY



ARTIST AND WRITER: BUCK BROWN
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POWER TO THE FEEBLE DEPT.

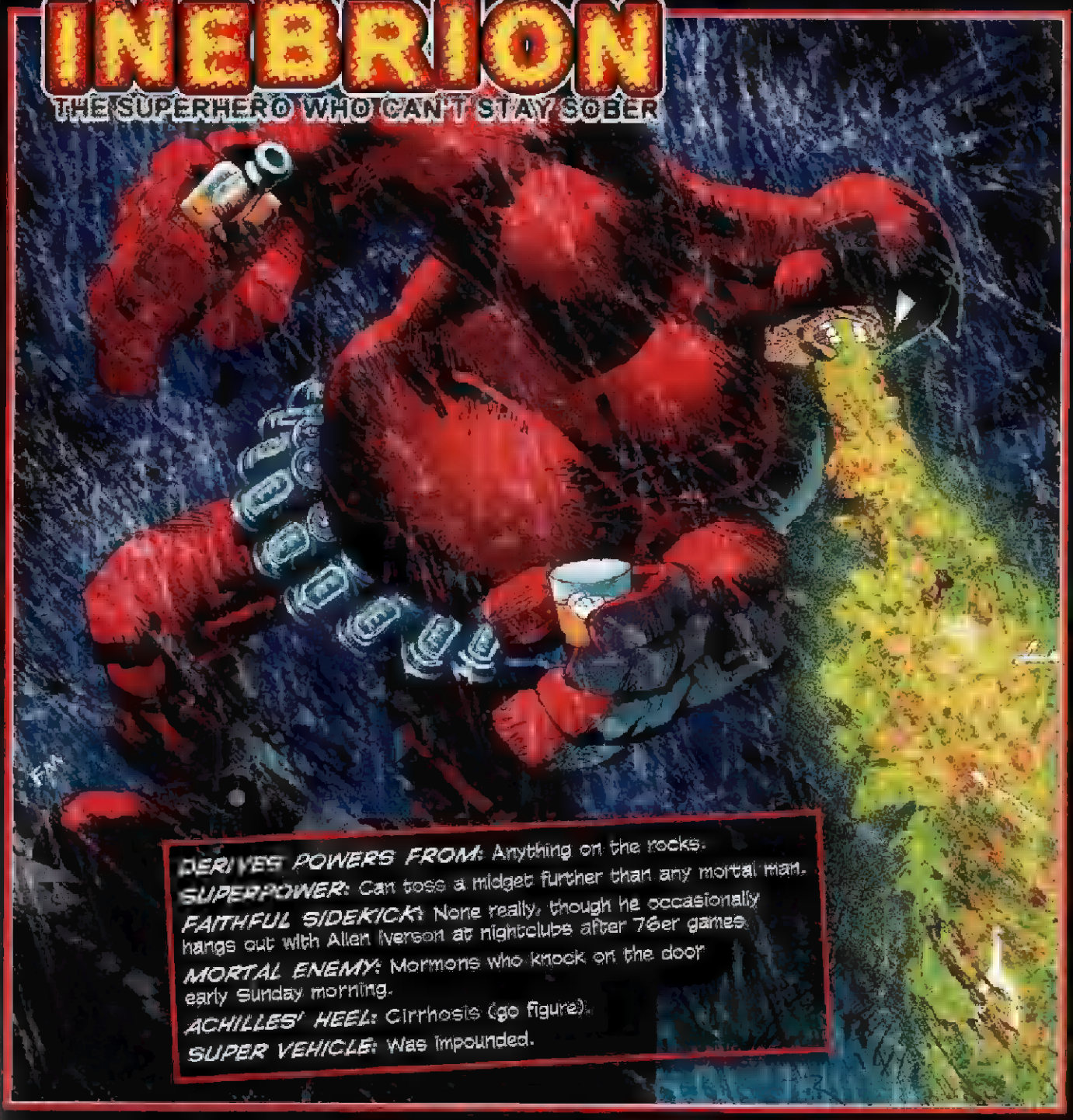
THE LEAGUE OF REJECTED SUPERHEROES

What makes a good superhero? Strength? Honor? Bravery? Yes...that about sums it up! (Well, that was certainly easy!) But what makes a really bad superhero? (Other than Ben Affleck portraying him...) That's a little bit harder to figure out — which is why we got help from some of comics' biggest names (who obviously don't care *who* they work for) to illustrate...

WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

INEBRION

THE SUPERHERO WHO CAN'T STAY SOBER



DERIVES POWERS FROM: Anything on the rocks.
SUPERPOWER: Can toss a midget further than any mortal man.
FAITHFUL SIDEKICK: None really, though he occasionally hangs out with Allen Iverson at nightclubs after 76er games.
MORTAL ENEMY: Mormons who knock on the door early Sunday morning.
ACHILLES' HEEL: Cirrhosis (go figure).
SUPER VEHICLE: Was impounded.

ARTIST: FRANK MILLER COLORIST: WILDSTORM

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Scantily-Clad Woman Wants Me

FROM: The Twelfth Vortex of the Wox Galaxy; during the summer, Shelter Island.
SECRET WEAPON: Decoder Nipple Ring.
NOT-SO-SECRET WEAPON: The Wonderbra.
ACHILLES' HEEL: Very sensitive to jokes about her "outie" belly button.
FEE: $120 for regular crime fighting; $300 for "full-service eradication of evil."
SPECIAL TALENT: Eating popsicles in slow motion.

ARTIST: J. SCOTT CAMPBELL COLORIST: MATT MILLA

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the Entomologist

DAY JOB: Professor of Icky Bug Studies at Megalopolis University.

SUPERPOWER: Ultra-slow walking ability.

ORIGIN OF SUPERPOWER: Being bitten by a tortoise at the zoo (which really pissed him off since he was hoping for some sort of insect connection).

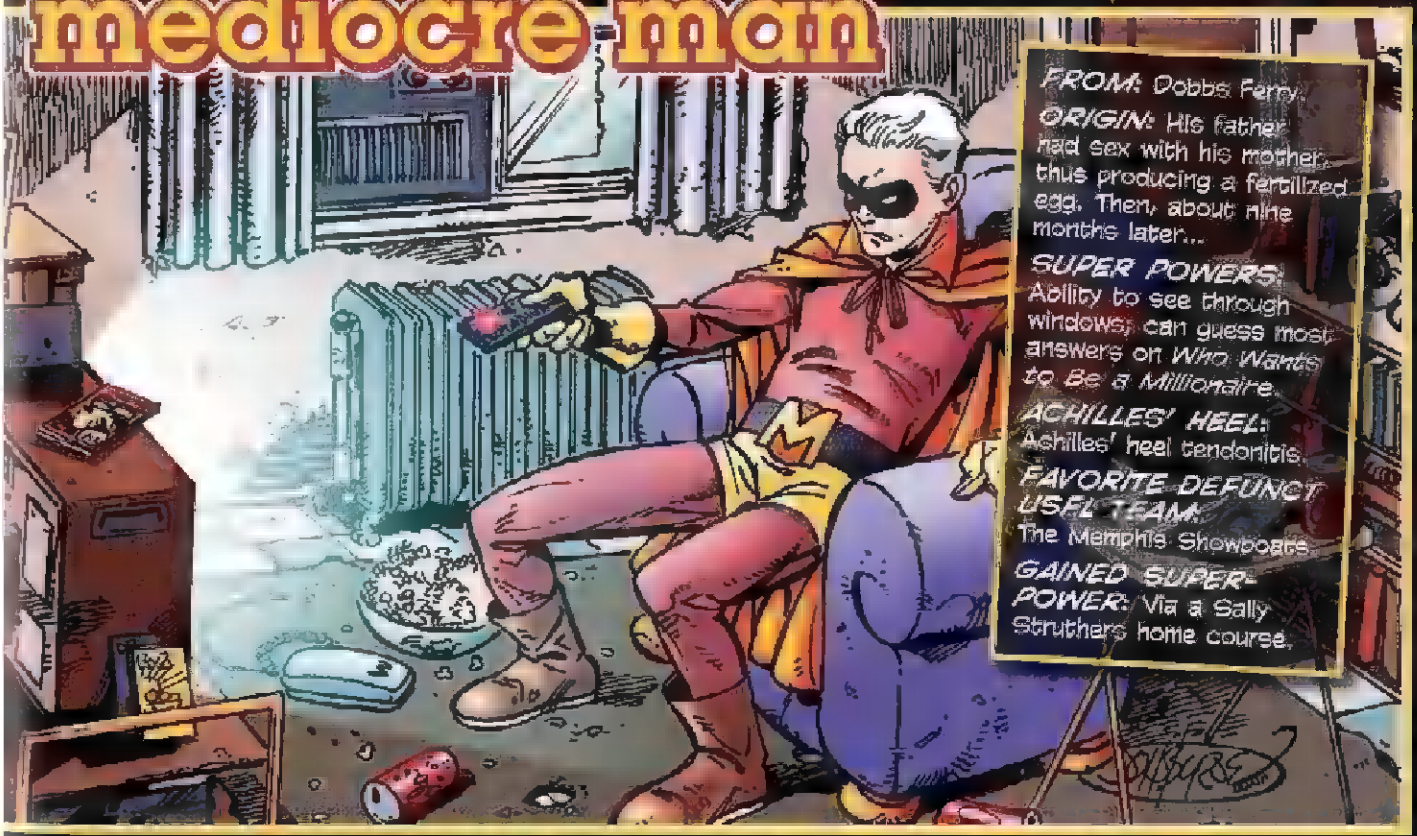
SPORT HE FINDS BORING BUT HAS TO GO ALONG WITH TO FIT THE THEME: Cricket.

ACHILLES' HEEL: Doesn't have one, but it doesn't matter since he never puts himself in harm's way.

VEHICLE: Volkswagen Jetta, though he'd much prefer a Beetle because he's really haunted by not having that aforementioned insect connection.

ARTIST: DAVE GIBBONS COLORIST: WILDSTORM

mediocre man



FROM: Dobbs Ferry.

ORIGIN: His father had sex with his mother, thus producing a fertilized egg. Then, about nine months later...

SUPER POWERS: Ability to see through windows; can guess most answers on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*.

ACHILLES' HEEL: Achilles' heel tendonitis.

FAVORITE DEFUNCT USFL TEAM: The Memphis Showboats.

GAINED SUPER-POWER: Via a Sally Struthers home course.

ARTIST: JOHN PERRY COLORIST: WILDSTORM

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SLOGGTOR OF GLOBBZORR

FROM: Well, GlobbZorr. Duh.
SUPER POWERS: SuperSavings Coupon Power via a weekly mailed circular.
FAITHFUL SIDEKICK: Actually he has none, but he tells people it's Kevin Eubanks.
MORTAL ENEMY: His two-faced, two-timing, skank-[illegible] a wife's divorce lawyer.
DARK SECRET: Often forgets to set his clock ahead for daylight-saving time.
CATCHPHRASE: "Buy my cereal, kids!"

DAILY RAG — EXCLUSIVE —

LANDMARK DIVORCE SETTLEMENT FOR SUPERHERO'S EX!

"He wouldn't pay for my boobs!"
"What about my career?"

"HIC"

SLOGG Sup

JRR '03

VOCABULON

PROFILE: U[illegible] his awesome knowledge of words to annoy and bore evildoers into submission.
MAIN POWERS: Perspicacity, erudition.
VULNERABLE TO: Quotidian obstreperousness.
NEMESIS: The Incorrigible Perambulator.
HIGH SCHOOL NICKNAMES: Showoff, Dickweed.
CATCH-PHRASE: Too lon[illegible] and tedious to mention here.

Aa Bb Cc Da
Kk Ll Mm Nn
Uu Vv Ww Xx

WORDS ARE YOUR FRIENDS!

DUNCE

ARTIST: MICHAEL ALLRED COLORIST: LAURA ALLRED

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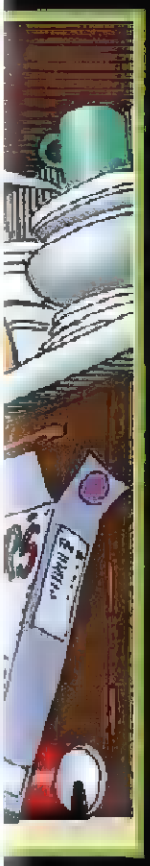

ARTIST: JOHN ROMITA, JR. COLORIST: WILDSTORM

APATHENIA

QUEEN OF NOT GIVING A DAMN

RESIDES IN: So-Whatopolis.

TRUE IDENTITY: Who cares?

GUIDING PRINCIPLE: You're joking, right?

MAIN SUPERPOWER: Ability to sigh and roll eyes upward at same time.

CATCH PHRASE: "Yeah, whatever."

DEBUT: Apathenia #1, BFD Comics, 1993.

ARTIST: ARTHUR ADAMS COLORIST: WILDSTORM

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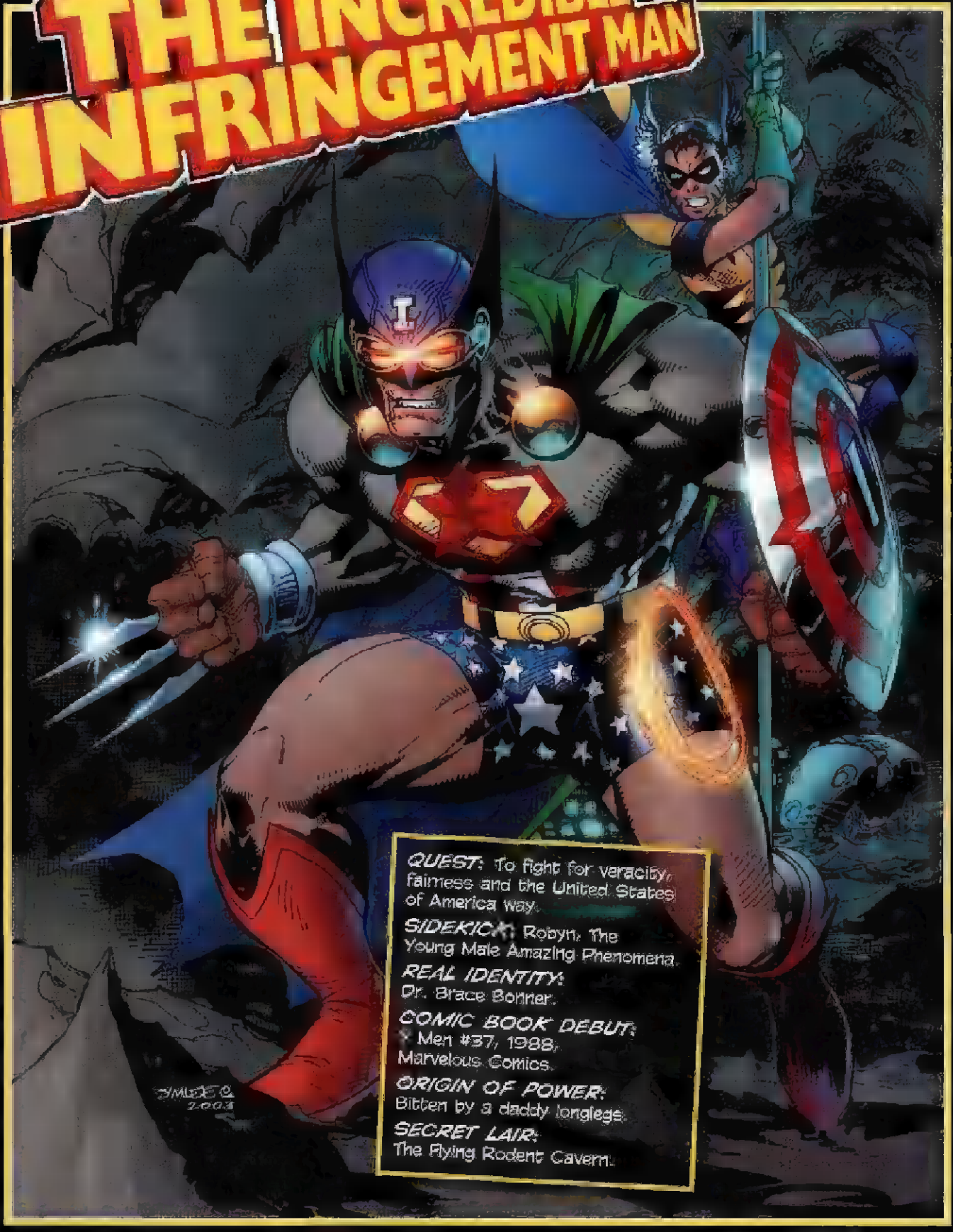
THE INCREDIBLE INFRINGEMENT MAN


QUEST: To fight for veracity, fairness and the United States of America way.
SIDEKICK: Robyn, The Young Male Amazing Phenomena.
REAL IDENTITY: Dr. Bruce Bonner.
COMIC BOOK DEBUT: X-Men #37, 1988, Marvelous Comics.
ORIGIN OF POWER: Bitten by a daddy longlegs.
SECRET LAIR: The Flying Rodent Cavern.

ARTIST: JIM LEE COLORIST: ALEX SINCLAIR

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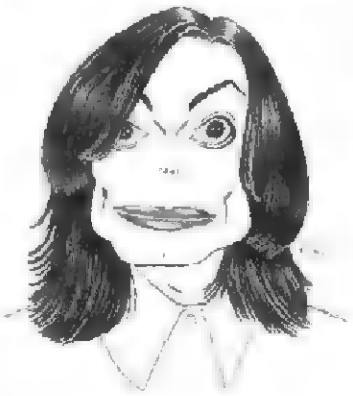
The official press room

Michael Jackson



AN OPEN LETTER FROM MICHAEL JACKSON

This message is to update you all on how I'm holding up under the scurrilous, calumnious and vilipending charges against me. The bad news is that even I'm not sure what I'm saying anymore.

Because of the serious nature of the charges, I hope you understand that my comments will often have to be limited. However, my lawyers and I will do our best to fill the void with anonymous smear tactics, garish goodwill publicity ops, fake, paid-for fan vigils, and blaming the victim.

The accusations against me are LIES, all lies. Remember, a lie runs outside and wins Olympic hurdling events, while the truth is upstairs getting a foot massage. And after all, I'm a guy who faked his age in the Jackson Five, pretended to date girls like Brooke Shields, and continues to insist I had just one minor plastic surgery procedure years ago. So I know a lie when I see it!

Some devilish punchinellos have speculated that these young boys allow me to abuse them because they're dazzled by my fame and superstardom. More media lies, lies, lies! Fact is, it's been so long since I had a hit record that most of the kids who visit me have no clue what I ever did for a living.

Have you ever seen the smile on a sick child's face? Have you ever given your heart to goodness? Have you ever worn a feathered harlequin mask while a bottomless boy dripped candle wax up and down your thighs? Well, in my case, it's a "yes" to #1 and #2, and a "no" to #3.

These charges are so hurtful and so wrong. I have always tried to make this a better world for the children. Whether through my Neverland Ranch Cancer Treatment Clinic for Hot 9-Year-Olds, or through my treacly charity singles that those morons in Bulgaria still seem to like, I live to help the children. I've given away so much of my personal fortune to the kids, occasionally by binding settlement. (Yeah, THAT $20 mil really paid off for me, huh?) Every penny I make is for the children. In fact, there are rooms in my house where I can't even afford to have windows. Or doorknobs on the inside.

However, there is no so-called secret "molestation room" in my home. And if there were such a room, the entrance would definitely not be located behind the lifesize Pinocchio robot on the second floor. If any police are reading this, do NOT, I repeat, do NOT turn his bowtie to the left.

I cannot address specifics in this case. However, my accuser says that the man who made inappropriate sexual contact with him was a 45-year-old Afro-Caucasio-Mutant with three holes in his nose. EEE hee hee! This proves my innocence, as I now have five holes in my nose. So it couldn't have been me!

I would like to thank those who have stood by me during this ordeal. Friends in the music industry, such as Pete Townshend and R. Kelly. Huge, relevant stars like Elizabeth Taylor and Macaulay Culkin. And, of course, my invisible bear, Rollo.

I believe in the truth. I look forward to answering these succubanious and asturgnical charges in court, before a jury of my peers. And as soon as you guys find 12 germ phobic elfin freaks with pet giraffes to be that jury, give me a call. Until then, beat it. Just beat it.

I love you all (allegedly),

Michael Jackson

ARTIST: CHAS. P. BALL WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

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A WORD TO THE GUYS DEPT.

JOHN CALDWELL'S

THE DOS AND

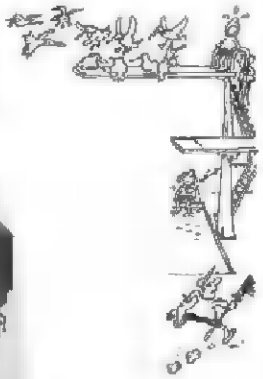
Everybody knows that the Super Bowl is the perfect excuse to get rowdy, eat like a slob and scream wildly at the TV. (In fact, this approach also improves the already-delightful *Two and a Half Men!*). But when you're at a Super Bowl party, you *also* need to remember to be courteous and respectful to your hosts (if only so you're invited back to mooch off them next year). Which is why it's crucial that you know...

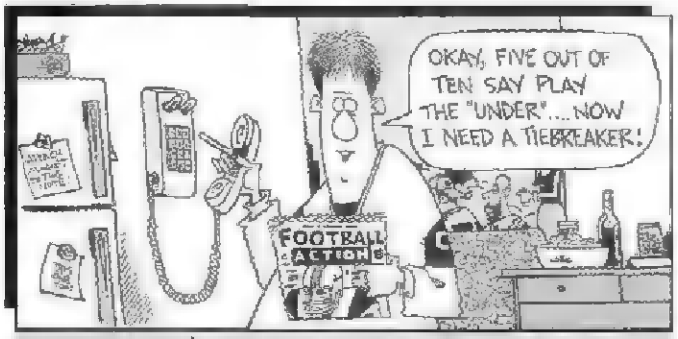
Don't try to pass off your 19-inch black and white Sylvania as "old school hard-core football."

Don't try to use your "Cowboys Suck" ass tattoo as an icebreaker.

Don't overthink the football theme.

Just because it's the Super Bowl, don't get carried away with the stinkin' Roman numerals.





Do consider that $75-a-call 900 number betting services work just as well on your host's home phone as they would on your own.

Generally speaking, last-minute over/under and proposition bets don't take precedence over 911 calls.

Don't invite the cast of *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*.

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

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DON'TS OF A SUPER BOWL PARTY

Don't be afraid to transform any out-of-it and/or immobile great grandparents into festive party décor.

Afterwards, do compliment your hosts on the refreshments.

Any exciting plays will be rehashed at half-time, post-game and all night long on *SportsCenter*. So don't hit the can when there's a chance you'll miss a really hilarious commercial that the sponsor may never be able to afford to broadcast again.

Don't be such an anal-retentive twit as to spend three hours dividing the six-foot sub equally by the precise number of invited guests.

THINGS YOU CAN SAY TO LIVEN UP A DULL SUPER BOWL PARTY

"Isn't there anything else on, damn it?"

"Hey! That conniving tight end bastard just said 'Hi' to my mom!"

"I'm not Rainman or anything, but the offense's jersey numbers all add up to 671."

"Does anybody mind if I go lay down on the bed with all the coats on it and sleep off the bean dip and deviled eggs?"

"I know what the quarterback's going through. My urine's come back dirty a few times too."

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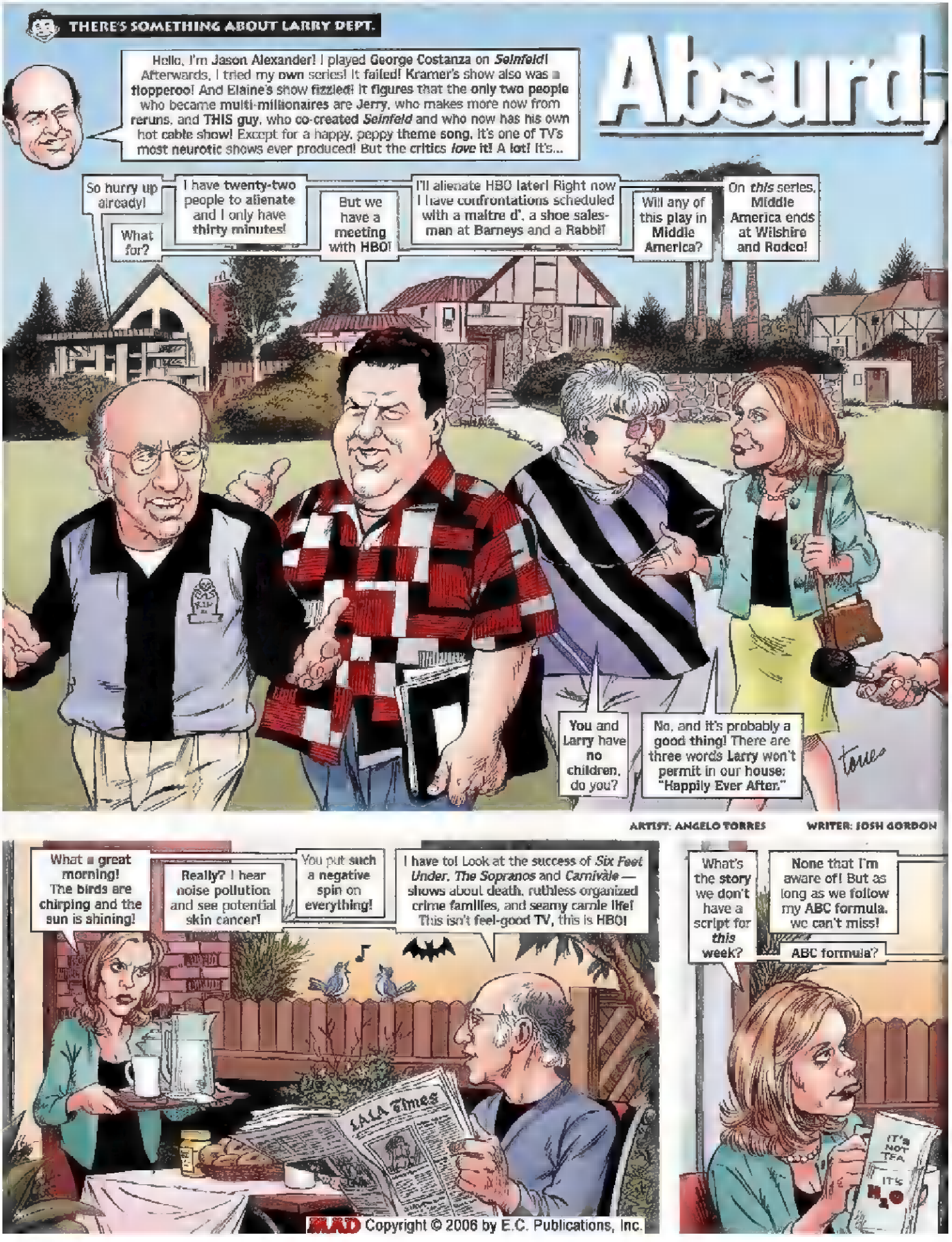
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT LARRY DEPT.
Absurd
Hello, I'm Jason Alexander! I played George Costanza on Seinfeld! Afterwards, I tried my own series! It failed! Kramer's show also was a flopperoo! And Elaine's show fizzled! It figures that the only two people who became multi-millionaires are Jerry, who makes more now from reruns, and THIS guy, who co-created Seinfeld and who now has his own hot cable show! Except for a happy, peppy theme song, it's one of TV's most neurotic shows ever produced! But the critics love it! A lot! It's...
So hurry up already!
What for?
I have twenty-two people to alienate and I only have thirty minutes!
But we have a meeting with HBO!
I'll alienate HBO later! Right now I have confrontations scheduled with a maitre d', a shoe salesman at Barneys and a Rabbi!
Will any of this play in Middle America?
On this series, Middle America ends at Wilshire and Rodeo!
You and Larry have no children, do you?
No, and it's probably a good thing! There are three words Larry won't permit in our house: "Happily Ever After."
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: JOSH GORDON
What a great morning! The birds are chirping and the sun is shining!
Really? I hear noise pollution and see potential skin cancer!
You put such a negative spin on everything!
I have to! Look at the success of Six Feet Under, The Sopranos and Carnivàle — shows about death, ruthless organized crime families, and seamy carnie life! This isn't feel-good TV, this is HBO!
LALA Times
What's the story we don't have a script for this week?
None that I'm aware of! But as long as we follow my ABC formula, we can't miss!
ABC formula?
IT'S NOT TEA
IT'S H2O
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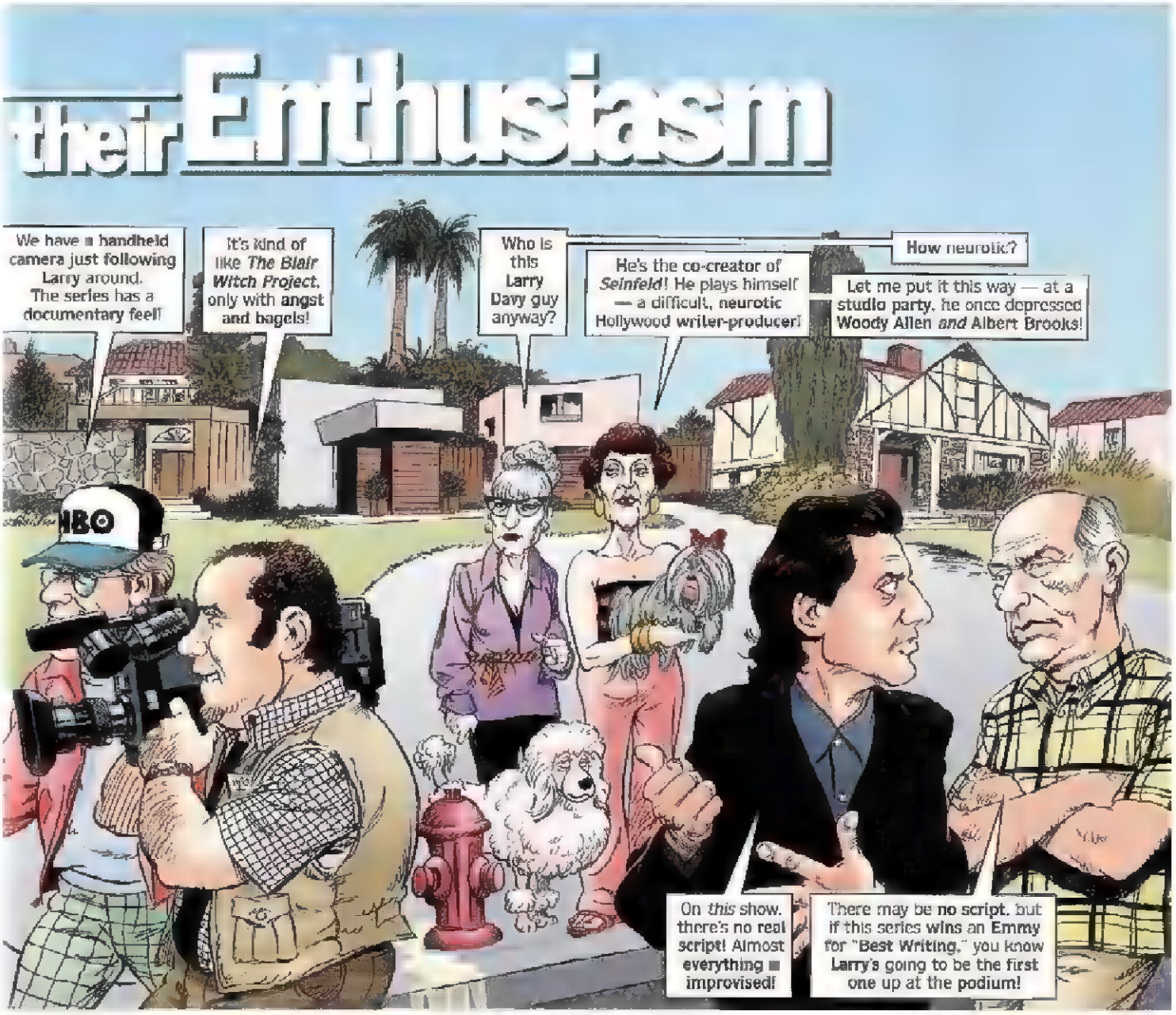
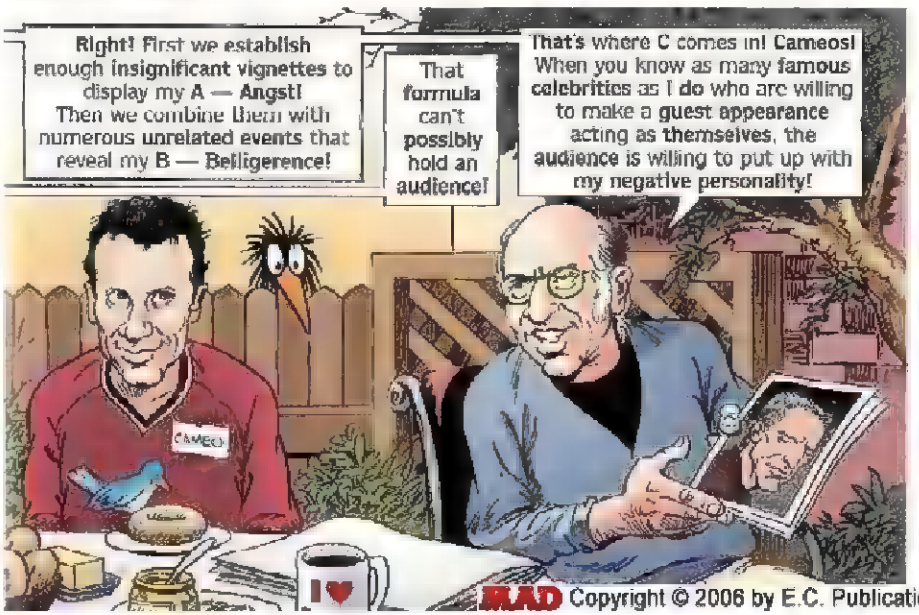
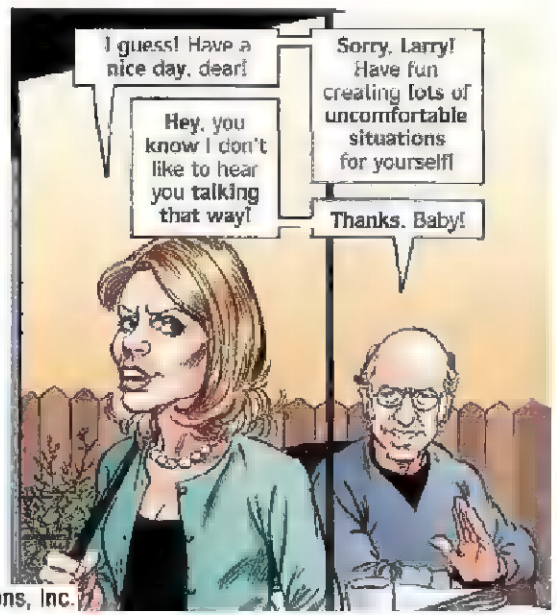
their Enthusiasm


We have a handheld camera just following Larry around. The series has a documentary feel!
It's kind of like *The Blair Witch Project*, only with angst and bagels!
Who is this Larry Davy guy anyway?
He's the co-creator of *Seinfeld*! He plays himself — a difficult, neurotic Hollywood writer-producer!
How neurotic?
Let me put it this way — at a studio party, he once depressed Woody Allen *and* Albert Brooks!
HBO
On *this* show, there's no real script! Almost everything is improvised!
There may be no script, but if this series wins an Emmy for "Best Writing," you know Larry's going to be the first one up at the podium!

COLORIST: WILDSTORM


Right! First we establish enough insignificant vignettes to display my A — Angst! Then we combine them with numerous unrelated events that reveal my B — Belligerence!
That formula can't possibly hold an audience!
That's where C comes in! Cameos! When you know as many famous celebrities as I do who are willing to make a guest appearance acting as themselves, the audience is willing to put up with my negative personality!
CAMEO


I guess! Have a nice day, dear!
Hey, you know I don't like to hear you talking that way!
Sorry, Larry! Have fun creating lots of uncomfortable situations for yourself!
Thanks, Baby!

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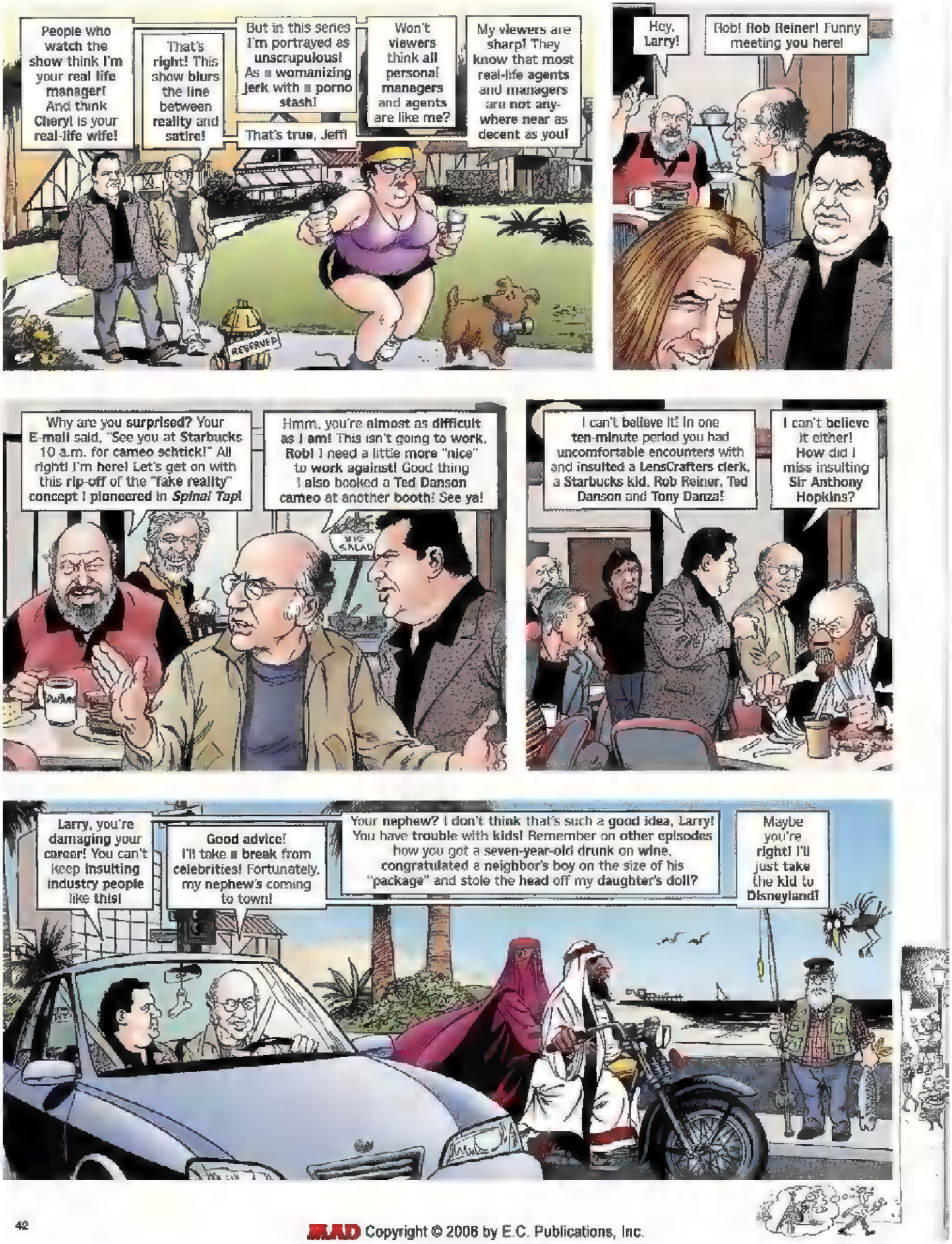
People who watch the show think I'm your real life manager! And think Cheryl is your real-life wife!
That's right! This show blurs the line between reality and satire!
But in this series I'm portrayed as unscrupulous! As a womanizing jerk with a porno stash!
That's true, Jeff!
Won't viewers think all personal managers and agents are like me?
My viewers are sharp! They know that most real-life agents and managers are not anywhere near as decent as you!
RESERVED
Hey, Larry!
Rob! Rob Reiner! Funny meeting you here!
Why are you surprised? Your E-mail said, "See you at Starbucks 10 a.m. for cameo schtick!" All right! I'm here! Let's get on with this rip-off of the "fake reality" concept I pioneered in Spinal Tap!
Hmm, you're almost as difficult as I am! This isn't going to work, Rob! I need a little more "nice" to work against! Good thing I also booked a Ted Danson cameo at another booth! See ya!
WIG SALAD
I can't believe it! In one ten-minute period you had uncomfortable encounters with and insulted a LensCrafters clerk, a Starbucks kid, Rob Reiner, Ted Danson and Tony Danza!
I can't believe it either! How did I miss insulting Sir Anthony Hopkins?
Larry, you're damaging your career! You can't keep insulting industry people like this!
Good advice! I'll take a break from celebrities! Fortunately, my nephew's coming to town!
Your nephew? I don't think that's such a good idea, Larry! You have trouble with kids! Remember on other episodes how you got a seven-year-old drunk on wine, congratulated a neighbor's boy on the size of his "package" and stole the head off my daughter's doll?
Maybe you're right! I'll just take the kid to Disneyland!

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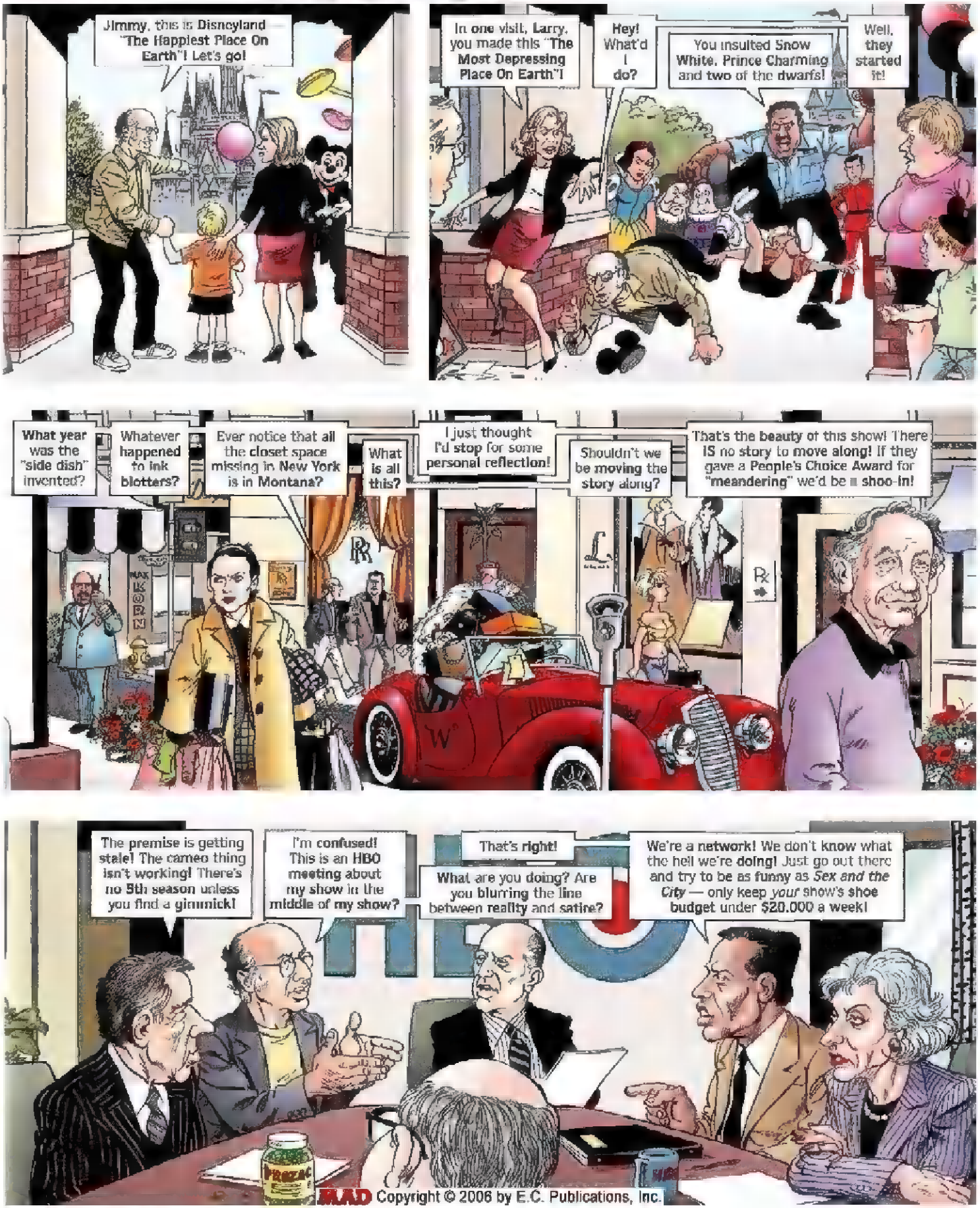
Jimmy, this is Disneyland "The Happiest Place On Earth"! Let's go!
In one visit, Larry, you made this "The Most Depressing Place On Earth"!
Hey! What'd I do?
You insulted Snow White, Prince Charming and two of the dwarfs!
Well, they started it!
What year was the "side dish" invented?
Whatever happened to ink blotters?
Ever notice that all the closet space missing in New York is in Montana?
What is all this?
I just thought I'd stop for some personal reflection!
Shouldn't we be moving the story along?
That's the beauty of this show! There IS no story to move along! If they gave a People's Choice Award for "meandering" we'd be a shoo-in!
The premise is getting stale! The cameo thing isn't working! There's no 5th season unless you find a gimmick!
I'm confused! This is an HBO meeting about my show in the middle of my show?
That's right!
What are you doing? Are you blurring the line between reality and satire?
We're a network! We don't know what the hell we're doing! Just go out there and try to be as funny as *Sex and the City* — only keep *your* show's shoe budget under $20,000 a week!
PROZAC
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I may have to rethink this series! Get some new writers!
I thought you don't have writers!
I don't! There's no script! But we call in guys who pitch "uncomfortable run-ins"!
Larry has a run-in with a mannequin
Larry hits on Ellen DeGeneres
Larry donates a tainted kidney
Larry accidentally shaves the hair off Robin William's back
Don't you find this show's style and oddball encounters too similar to Seinfeld?
Hey, what's the deal with that remark? Seinfeld had its own style and I have mine! I am the master of my comedy domain! I would never borrow Seinfeld's style! Not that there's anything wrong with that!
Speaking of Seinfeld, there he is!
Jerry, you're a New York guy! What brings you to California?
I flew in to take my daughter to Disneyland, but it was closed today! Seems some maniac created a scene in The Magic Kingdom!
Well, my work for this week is done! I've managed to wrap up all the loose stories and trivial subplots into a neat little package!
Not so fast, Larry!
Hey, it's James Gandolfini! Great! Another cameo!
Listen, punk! I heard that you insulted Italian-Americans!
I'm not sure! I may have made a remark about pasta, the mafia or Tony Danza!
You're dead meat!
Wait! Are you playing James Gandolfini, the actor who's upset, or Tony Soprano who's upset, blurring the lines between reality and satire?
I'll blur your lines, producer boy!
GASP! ARRGH! Cue the peppy theme song!
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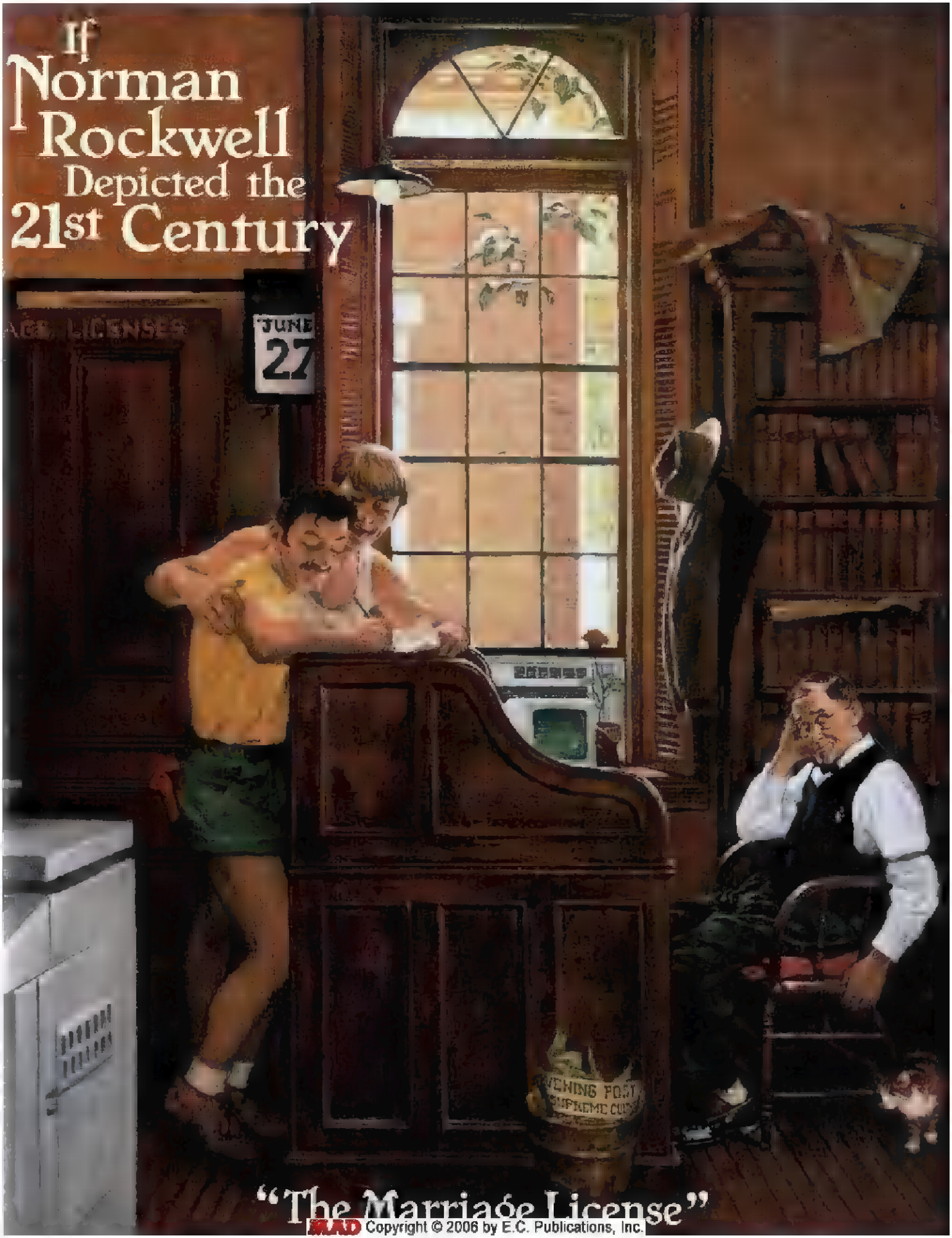
If Norman Rockwell Depicted the 21st Century
JUNE 27
"The Marriage License"
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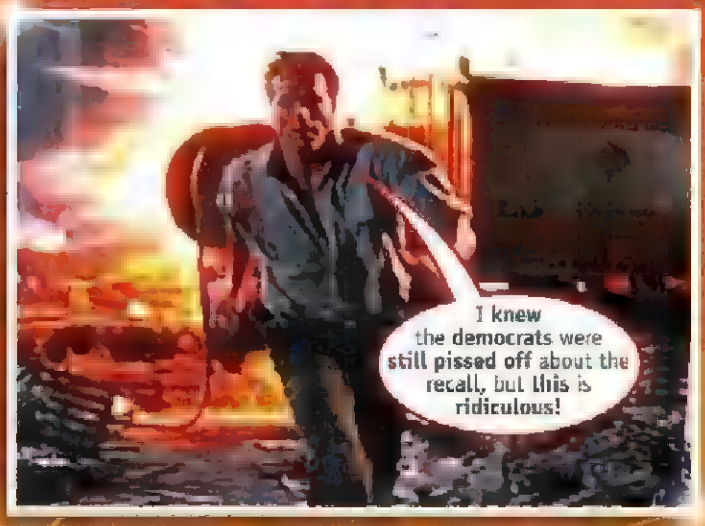
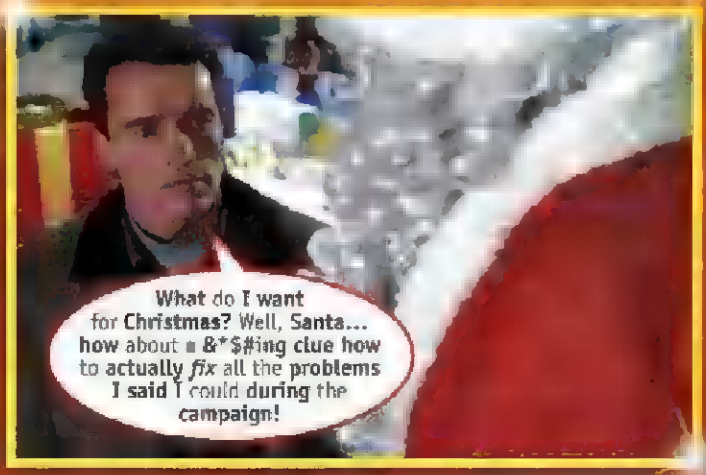
A TERM FOR THE WORSE DEPT.

NOW PLAYING at the CALIFORNIA STATE HOUSE:




What do I want for Christmas? Well, Santa... how about a &*$#ing clue how to actually fix all the problems I said I could during the campaign!

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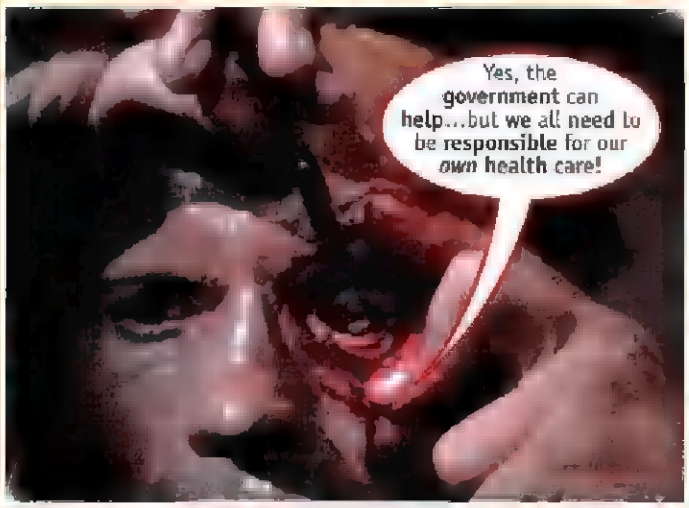
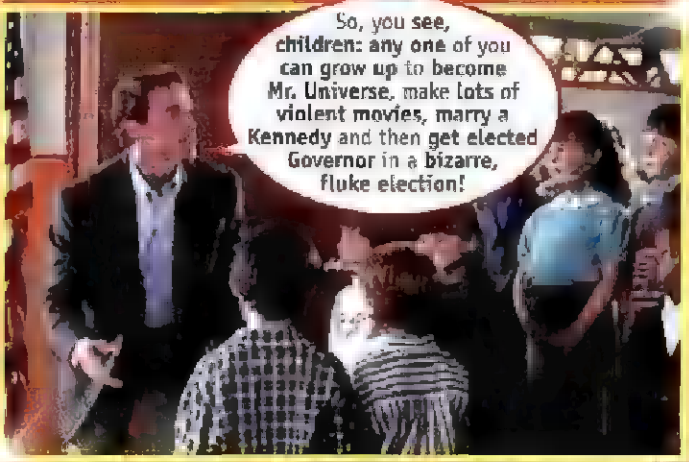
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER GOVERNOR

I don't have anything against aliens! I just don't believe you should get driver's licenses like legal, tax-paying Californians!




So, you see, children: any one of you can grow up to become Mr. Universe, make lots of violent movies, marry a Kennedy and then get elected Governor in a bizarre, fluke election!

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WHAT STOMACH-TURNING REALITY SHOW HAS MANY ACROSS THE LAND COMPLETELY DISGUSTED?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICLOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Just when it seems like the bar can't be set any lower for reality programming, an even more degrading, humiliating and twisted spectacle pops up. What's even sadder is how much media coverage will be dedicated to the shameless antics of the participants. To find out what this televised circus is about, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

THINGS MANY PEOPLE STOOP TO DOING SOMETIME DEMONSTRATE A COMPLETE LOSS OF GOOD SENSE. CRAVING ATTENTION, THEY ACT OUT WITH AN ANTIC PRIMITIVE BEHAVIOR OUTSIDE THE NORMAL BOUNDARIES

A B

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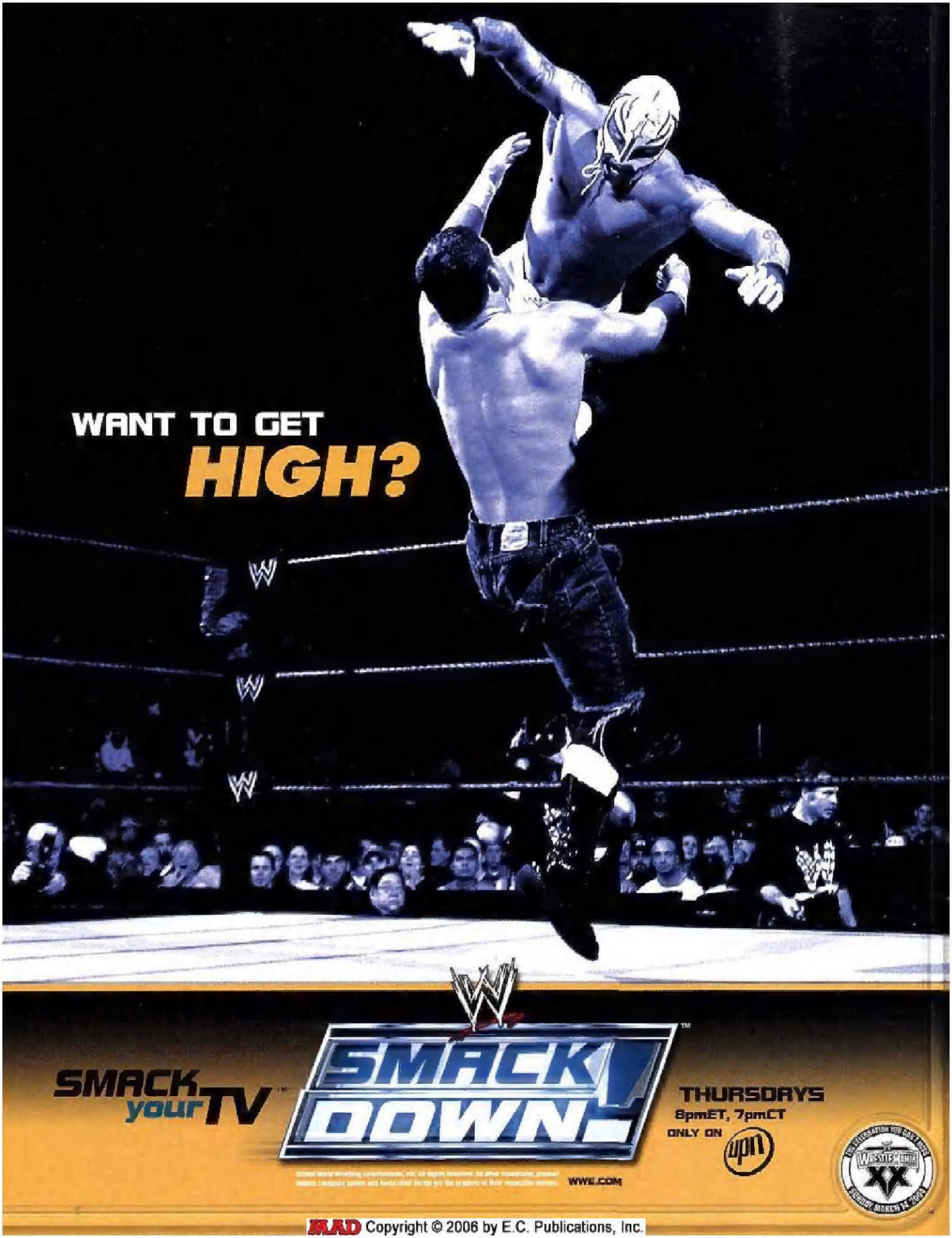

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THE LEAGUE OF REJECTED SUPERHEROES!

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